A VOICE FROM THE NAZI BLACKOUT *by B. F.*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

February 4, 1941

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S NEW JOB

The Salesmen of Imperial Culture Go South

by Samuel Putnam

IS THE "MORAL EMBARGO" LIFTED?

by Adam Lapin

JAMES JOYCE: DEATH OF A NIHILIST

by Samuel Sillen

ORSON WELLES AND CITIZEN KANE

by Emil Pritt

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Between Ourselves

THE Lucky Strike quiz quartet of bird experts, tune snatchers, and light versifiers looked like small potatoes compared to NM's experts last week at Webster Hall in New York. Some 850 NM readers and their friends crowded in to watch the second session of "Interpretation Please" at which William Blake, Isidor Schneider, Joshua Kunitz, Albert Maltz, and Alvah Bessie obliged with a display of literary pyrotechnics. In the second half, Samuel Sillen added fuel to the fireworks, while throughout it all Sender Garlin, as interlocutor, tempered his wit with wisdom.

William Blake, judging from the audience's applause, carried off the honors with a spontaneous three-minute estimate of James Joyce and his work. Analysis ranged from Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to Horatio Alger's *Phil the Fiddler*. One of the brighter moments consisted of a confession by each expert of the books which had most influenced his life. It may strike you as a bit late for us to say so, but this particular evening of entertainment and education should not have been missed. Better late than never, however—for the third in our series of these intimate evenings will take place this coming March. The subject matter will range back and forth again over the domestic and international political scene. Details soon.

Meantime, all energies are going into NM's big anniversary issue—celebrating thirty years of the magazine's publication—which appears on February 14. The birthday party itself is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, February 16, at Manhattan Center. Issue-editor Bruce Minton promises an unusual week's reading matter, sixty-four pages full—an issue to remember and keep.

The program of the NM birthday celebration is virtually completed. Speakers will include Earl Browder, Ruth McKenney, Dr. Harry F. Ward, William Gropper, Dr. Max Yergan, and Joseph North.

The program of entertainment will bring together Earl Robinson and his chorus, Anna Sokolow and her dance group, Billie Holliday, the New Art String Quartet, Joshua White and his "chain gang" singers, plus Laura Duncan. Tickets are 50 cents and $1. You can get them at our office at 461 Fourth Avenue, or at the Bookfair, 133 West 44th Street, or else at the Workers' Book Shop, 50 East 13th St., New York City.

In the next issue NM will print what it considers to be a remarkable article on German economy. The writer, G. S. Jackson, starts the analysis by asking: "What is German fascism? Is it capitalism? Is it socialism? Or is it totally different from both. The answer of many liberals is that German fascism is a 'new form' of socialism, a sort of middle way, unforeseen by Marxists: i.e., it has been installed from the top by the Nazis—a 'new class'—rather than from the bottom by the proletariat. The liberals say that all industry has been regimented and is now managed by the Nazis in the interest of 'state socialism.' They say, too, that the industrialists of pre-Hitler days have been stripped of their power or thrown out of the country altogether. . . ." The answers to these arguments are brilliantly documented with statistics directly taken from German sources. As must reading, the article should be number one on your list next week. It will be widely discussed for months to come.

So much of our attention is focussed on Europe that we often forget the decisive things that are happening in the Far East. We bring in forthcoming issues, a survey of Japan's position both at home and abroad. General Victor A. Yakhontoff contributes two articles which highlight the recent domestic developments in the Mikado's empire. General Yakhontoff, as many readers may know, is an authority on the Far East, whose intimate knowledge of Japanese affairs dates back into the early years of the century.

Last week's article by Mao Tse-tung on China's internal problems aroused widespread interest. So did Hugo Gellert's drawing of the famous Chinese Communist leader. Copies of that drawing, suitable for framing, may be obtained by sending 25 cents to *China Today*, 168 West 23rd Street, NYC.

The whole country is reading the Dean of Canterbury's remarkable work, *The Soviet Power*. And the whole country's talking about it; in particular, several old friends and contributors to NM will be talking about it at a symposium this Monday, February 3, at the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, 154 West 57th St., NYC. Among the participants are Prof. Walter Rautenstrauch, dean of the Columbia U. Engineering School; Muriel Draper, author and lecturer; Morris Watson, vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild, Prof. Charles Kuntz, and the Rev. Ver Lynn Sprague, of the Bedford Hills Methodist Church. The American Committee for Friendship with the Soviet Union is sponsoring the event. You may order a copy of the special 35-cent edition of *The Soviet Power* directly from NM. A set of three is available for $1.

Speaking of the Dean of Canterbury's book, we received a note from P. R. of Galveston asking whether the book has been suppressed in England. After several inquiries we learned that *The Socialist Sixth of the World* (the title of the English edition) has been tremendously popular in the British trade unions, the cooperatives, and particularly among professional workers. Unofficially the British censors don't like the volume but there is precious little they can do about it inasmuch as it is already in the homes of thousands of people.

Who's Who

SAMUEL T. PUTNAM is a noted authority on Latin-American affairs. He is widely known as a contributor to learned reviews and other magazines in his field, at home and abroad. . . . Adam Lapin is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Simon W. Gerson has frequently appeared in NM. . . . Mark B. Clark is a physicist. . . . Millicent Lang is a graduate student, specializing in contemporary literature. . . . Joseph Gordon teaches philosophy in an eastern college. . . . Emil Pritt is a free lance Hollywood writer. . . . Ingrid Svenson's drama reviews have appeared in other periodicals. . . . Lou Cooper is a young composer and critic. . . . Philip Jaffe, whose letter on China appears in Readers' Forum, page 20, is managing editor of *Amerasia*.

Flashbacks

LESS than a year after the Social Democrats of Germany supported Hindenburg for President and simultaneously with the refusal of the Social Democrats to enter an anti-Nazi United Front with the Communists, Hitler became Chancellor. The date was Jan. 30, 1933. . . . And this week we are reminded of another part of the historical pattern lying behind World War II. On both sides of this imperialist struggle the persecution of Communists is a central fact, and that such persecution is of long standing we are reminded by the events of Feb. 3-4, 1923. That day hundreds of Communists were arrested in all parts of Italy and all Communist papers were suppressed.

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NEW MASSES

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Oil and Culture Don't Mix

Why the administration put a Rockefeller scion in charge of the propaganda program for Latin America. The empire salesmen go south. Last of two articles by Samuel Putnam.

SO FAR as Nelson Rockefeller and his "cultural relations" department are concerned, there are, doubtless, many persons for whom a criticism based merely upon Wall Street associations would not of itself be convincing. These objectors would point to the "non-political" (more or less) functioning and the undeniable achievements of such institutions as the Rockefeller, the Carnegie, and the Guggenheim Foundations.

It must, however, be stressed that the present situation is radically different from that which has prevailed in the past, in "ordinary times." Rockefeller receives his appointment during a moment of the most intensely stimulated war hysteria; when the designs of American imperialism in the Western Hemisphere are not only becoming more apparent every day, but are being openly voiced by imperialist spokesmen like Dr. Virgil Jordan: "*Southward in our hemisphere* and westward in the Pacific the path of empire takes its way" (speech before the Investment Bankers' Association, Hollywood, Fla., Dec. 10, 1940). Add to this the connotation which the name Rockefeller holds for Latin Americans, and it will be realized that this is not, simply, another type of Rockefeller Foundation with which we have to do here.

That the objectives in the present instance are wholly different, is shown by the character of the personnel with which Mr. Rockefeller has surrounded himself. In the past, the creative work of the Rockefeller and similar foundations has been carried on by scholars, scientists, highly trained and lifelong specialists in their respective fields. In the domain of inter-American cultural relations, likewise, it has been experts who, working chiefly in the Division of Intellectual Cooperation of the Pan American Union and the Division of Cultural Relations of the State Department, and hampered constantly by the grave suspicion of ulterior motives, have none the less labored valiantly to bring about a better cultural understanding between the northern and the southern peoples of the New World. By contrast with this, let us glance at the present "cultural relations" set-up in Washington.

The first thing that strikes one is the presence and the dominant, directive position in it of big business elements. The strange marriage of culture and commerce suggested by Mr. Rockefeller's official title is borne out by the appointment of James W. Young, head of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, as chief of the cultural relations section. (Mr. Young retains his commerce post, dividing his time between the two jobs.) Even more significant is the fact that Mr. Young was appointed to supersede Dr. Robert G. Caldwell, dean of humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Caldwell had been given a month's trial and, in the eyes of his superiors, had failed to make good. This was delicately phrased by the little magazine known as the *Pan American* (issue of November-December 1940):

> . . . in less than a month it was found that the student-professor type of cultural relations, while highly desirable, *did not meet the propaganda situation*. . . .

What was wanted, in other words, was not the scholar, but the *salesman;* for Mr. Young, it is to be remembered, is the former vice-president and idea man of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. And we are accordingly not surprised when we hear that Mr. Young has called in Don Francisco, president of Lord & Thomas, another advertising agency, and has placed him in charge of radio programs for Latin America. Thus at the start we find represented in a position of control, two of the large advertising firms most closely connected with Wall Street interests—and, at the same time, with censoring the radio programs and, in good part, the reading matter of the American public. All by way of meeting "the propaganda situation."

In the light of these developments, it is instructive to reread the words spoken a couple of years ago (in February 1939), by the distinguished scholar, Dr. Richard F. Pattee of the State Department's Division of Cultural Relations. They were uttered just as the abortive "Good Neighbor Policy" was breathing its last, but before it had been generally recognized that the fetus was lifeless.

> Emphasis should be placed on the fact that there is no intention of engaging in what is popularly known as propaganda. This much misused word has unfortunately attained a connotation which is distinctly undesirable. If used in its original significance as the process of propagating or of disseminating, it would perhaps be proper to employ it. Since it does have a meaning which carries with it the sense of penetration, imposition, and unilateralism, it must be repeated that this Government does not intend to engage in propagandistic activities, particularly with relation to the other American republics. The importance which is attached to the reciprocal character of our cultural relations will constitute the best guarantee against the idea of propaganda.

Dr. Pattee's emphasis on "the reciprocal character of our cultural relations" and his allusion to "penetration, imposition, and unilateralism" are to be noted. Is it not, precisely, this "unilateralism" that is arrogantly reflected in Mr. Rockefeller's title: "Coordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations *between the American Republics for the Council of National Defense*"—by appointment of President Roosevelt? Not, of course, to speak as yet of "penetration" or "imposition."

It appeared, in short, that the inter-American scholar's long cherished dream was at last to be realized, and that, under the "Good Neighbor," his own aims and those of the administration in Washington might be happily reconciled. This brief illusion is no more. It is worth observing that one of the first forthright criticisms of the Rockefeller program has come from the specialist. How he feels about it may be gathered from an article published in *Harper's* magazine last November, by Dr. Lewis Hanke, head of the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress and until recently editor-in-chief of the *Hand Book of Latin-American Studies.* The article in question bears the title: "Plain Speaking on Latin America." While he does not go into the deeper political implications, Dr. Hanke undoubtedly voices the feeling of the great majority of his colleagues, in pointing out that the entire plan is, so to speak, building up to a big let-down; that once the "emergency" is over, the thing will be dropped with a thud, and the hard working specialists will be left holding the bag, with most if not all of their good will labors over so long a period undone, and with a fresh start to be made against even more mountainous obstacles than before.

The essentially—not to say flagrantly—commercial, rather than cultural, character of the Rockefeller directorate is picturesquely dramatized by the fact that, in the suite which the committee occupies in the State Department Building, there is to be found seated at one desk John McLane Clark (a Dartmouth college mate of Mr. Rockefeller's), giving press hand-outs on "culture," while at the neighboring desk in the same office sits Andrew V. Corry, the mining expert and consultant to the Rockefeller companies! In

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addition to the chairman, Mr. Young, the executive board consists of Dean Caldwell, Vice-President William B. Benton of the University of Chicago, and Henry B. Luce, publisher of *Time, Fortune,* and *Life*. Karl A. Bickel, former president of the United Press, is in charge of the press section; while to John Hay ("Jock") Whitney has been assigned the task of seeing that Latin Americans get the right kind of movies from now on. Inasmuch as Mr. Whitney was the producer of *Gone With the Wind,* the kind they will get can perhaps be imagined.

LITERARY STRAWS

On the side of literature, music, and the plastic arts there is a slight departure from the strictly commercial alignment. But even here there is a palpable effort to keep the thing well within the Rockefeller family, or at least within the charmed pro-war circle. The art section is headed by John E. Abbott, executive vice-president of the Museum of Modern Art, of which Mr. Rockefeller is president; and Monroe Wheeler, the Museum's director of publications, is in charge of publications for Latin America. The music committee's chairman is Carleton Sprague Smith, chief of the music department of the New York Public Library; and literature is entrusted to that "fugleman of the moribund old order," as Earl Browder has so aptly termed him, Archibald MacLeish.

With regard to the actual workings of the program, it is a bit early as yet to pass judgment. About the best that may be done is to point to an occasional straw in the wind; and most of these, as it happens, are literary straws, wafted to us from Mr. MacLeish's preserves.

What are we to think, for example, when, immediately following Mr. MacLeish's appointment, we see the Pan American Union launching its *Puntos de Vista—Points of View* series (English into Spanish and Spanish into English) with a translation of MacLeish's pro-war tract, *The Irresponsibles,* closely followed by the tercentenary address, *Education for a Classless Society,* of that pillar of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, President Conant of Harvard? Are we, or are we not, to take this as indicative of a political orientation? And now, having warned our southern neighbors of the dangers of "historic hindsight" and shown them the beauties of a "classless" (read "totalitarian") social order, the same editors bring us North Americans in English a reactionary little gem, a masterpiece of sneering upper-class snobism, by one Senor Americo Castro, at present lecturing at Princeton University. It is entitled "On the Relations between the Americas." Throughout the essay the author jeers at our democratic traditions and culture, our faith in mass movements, etc., setting over against them the "aristocratic culture," as he sees it, of Latin America. One sentence will suffice:

> It seems to me that the artistic limitation of the Anglo-American when it comes to anything that is not architecture or practical living could be corrected by spiritually living together with those who possess lofty traditions and expressive audacity, and know how to protect the best individuals from the winds and tides of collective drivel.

Once again we may ask: is this to be the general character of that cultural interchange which Mr. Rockefeller and his aides propose to foster? Surely, plain people are entitled to know. It was the Great Tradition of Jefferson, Franklin, and Lincoln which first won for us the respect and friendship of Latin Americans—a tradition given its highest expression in literature by a Whitman, and which today is voiced by a *Ballad for Americans.* Is this tradition to be cast overboard? Can it be that our "best" citizens have grown ashamed of it? Do they perhaps think it best for their present purposes to keep it hidden away, in order not to offend that decadent and corrupt old "aristocracy" which for centuries has kept the Latin-American masses in oppression and misery, and whose rule for the past fifty years has been largely sustained by North American and British finance capital? Or have they definitely embarked upon a career of fascism, of which this is but the expression on the cultural plane; and is it for this reason that they bring us the near-fascist vaporings of Senor Castro?

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

These are not mere quibblings; they are questions which must be answered. Possibly Mr. MacLeish, the literary "coordinator," will explain. In any event, the answer is likely to become clearer as the months go by. Through the University of Puerto Rico, a call has been issued for a ten days' Inter-American Writers' Conference, to be held in Puerto Rico in April. While the initiative apparently comes from the University rather than from Washington, and while the aims of the Conference are not stated, we may be forgiven for drawing our own conclusions, when we note that Mr. MacLeish heads the list of speakers. The results of this gathering may be revelatory, in more ways than one. They may, among other things, reveal how Latin-American writers feel on the question of "hemisphere defense"; how they feel about being regimented in a "war for democracy"—by the grandson of Standard Oil!

After all, how should we expect them to feel? Take, by way of instance, a Venezuelan intellectual. For twenty-seven long and bloody years (1908-35), he had seen all freedom and all culture ruthlessly stamped out by the puppet of the oil magnates, the tyrant Gomez. During these years a Venezuelan writer, if he dealt with the social theme and wished to publish what he wrote, had to go into exile, as Blanco Fombona and so many others did. Then, six years ago (1935), Gomez died, and for a brief twelve months or so, under the new President, Lopez Contreras, freedom of expression was restored. Then, at the end of 1936, there came a strike of oil field workers, which lasted forty-two days. A United States naval squadron thereupon hove in sight; the strike was quickly broken by the government, to the accompaniment of the usual Red scare; and a law was at once enacted forbidding any criticism either of the administration or of the oil companies! Considering the fact that the entire class structure of Venezuelan society is built around oil, the effect of this on the novelist, and on creative literature in general, hardly needs to be described. And now, what is a writer from the vicinity of Caracas to think, when he is told that he must fall in under Mr. Rockefeller and help save the "civilization" that Mr. Rockefeller and his class have created for him?

This is Venezuela. The situation is to be found practically duplicated in Peru and a number of other Latin-American countries, where the despotic regimes in power derive a major portion of their revenues from the oil interests, and where the intellectuals, as a consequence, are firmly convinced that oil and culture do not mix. The reaction of these intellectuals to the Rockefeller cultural relations program is already widely evident in the Latin-American press. They appear once more basically united in their opposition to the northern "Colossus," and the old rallying-cry of Ruben Dario and the other *modernistas*—"Down with Yankee imperialism!"—is again echoing.

It is true that a number of Latin intellectuals may see fit to fall in. For the reactionary governments follow a traditional policy of buying off, wherever possible, and thereby silencing or taming the creative minds which might give them trouble. Thus, in Venezuela, we find Romulo Gallegos, the author of *Dona Barbara,* occupying until recently the post of Minister of Education, while Rufino Blanco Fombona is ambassador to Paraguay and Uruguay; indeed, every leading figure on the Caracas literary front is a public functionary of one sort or another. It is of interest that Mr. MacLeish's first acceptance came from Gallegos. As for that fiery old crusader, Blanco Fombona, will he now eat all the stinging words he once uttered on the subject of *"el imperialismo Yanqui"?*

Yes, Mr. MacLeish will doubtless have a few guests at his conference, but it is with tongue in cheek that they will come. The very fact that the conference is being held on US territorial soil, in the island laid waste by Wall Street, is against it to begin with. This will inevitably be looked upon, in addition to the unpleasant connotations of the setting, as a continuation of the same you'd-better-come-to-me tactic on the part of Washington which is exemplified in Mr. Rockefeller's title.

There is another consideration, and a grave one. Spanish culture as embodied in the Spanish refugees, lives today in Mexico, a great and noble culture in exile. But Cordell Hull and his State Department have said flatly that the outstanding representatives of this culture may not set foot on United States soil. "They are the kind we do not want," the State Department says, simply. Translated, this means: they are too demo-

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cratic; they take their democracy seriously, and are therefore dangerous. As a corollary, this profound new force in the cultural life of the hemisphere, one which, whatever the outcome, is destined to leave its lasting mark, is to be shut out from a conference the purpose of which, presumably, is to enlist writers in the "fight for democracy." Such is the logic of events these days.

THE CONCLUSION

The conclusion of the whole matter is: *the question of culture in the Western Hemisphere cannot be dissociated from the question of democracy.* We shall get nowhere in our talk of cultural interchange until we realize that, in Lenin's mordant, finely expressive phrase, there are in this hemisphere "two nations." On the one hand, a "nation" of the toiling, exploited, oppressed masses, struggling upward for freedom, well-being, and an ever-increasing portion of democracy; and on the other hand, the Rockefellers, Morgans, Almazans, Davilas, Vargases, and their kind, a "nation" of exploiters and oppressors, of Wall Street capitalists and native big landlords. This latter "nation" is rapidly headed for a full-fledged Wall Street-dominated fascism, as the only means of achieving its greedy class objectives. It still clings to the sorry remnants of a once noble culture, but is in reality bent upon the annihilation of all culture worthy of the name. In our own country, it is already to be seen savagely attacking our great American Revolutionary tradition and that of Abraham Lincoln and John Brown, in books like *Oliver Wiswell* and films like *Santa Fe.* In Latin America, it spawns a decadent "aristocratic" pseudo-culture that finds refuge in Spenglerian mysticism and sterile word-plays.

The other "nation," on the contrary, that of the people, the North American and Latin-American masses, is engaged in producing a splendid new and vital culture. Few of us probably are aware that there is taking place today, particularly along the Cordillera of the Andes, a veritable renaissance, which in reality represents the magnificent flowering of an age-old culture, driven under the terrific impact of modern social conditions to find new forms of expression. At the moment the most brilliant effects of this renascence are to be viewed in the social novel that is coming out of Ecuador—especially the work of Jorge Icaza, author of *Cholos* and *Huasipungo.* This is a literature that takes as its theme the unbelievable sufferings of the downtrodden native Indian and half-breed population, the *cholos* as they are called. It is a literary movement comparable to the fresh and revitalizing impulse in painting that Mexico gave us as a result of the Mexican people's revolution. There is to be found in it the same mingling of older decorative racial motives with the contemporary social theme, the adaptation of those motives to that theme, which goes to make so distinctive a product. At the same time, this is essentially, unequivocally, a literature of *anti-imperialist class struggle*—and how, one wonders, would Mr. Rockefeller (and Mr. MacLeish) feel about that? It remains to be seen whether we shall so much as hear of it from these gentlemen. It likewise remains to be seen whether the Latin-American prize novel contest now being conducted by the publishing house of Farrar & Rinehart will succeed in turning up something real, or will bring us at best merely another *Dona Barbara.*

This new culture is a many-faceted one, with traditional roots in four or five great civilizations: the Anglo-Saxon, the Iberic, the Gallic, the American Indian, and the Negro. It is this fact that gives it its destined brilliance and confers upon it the quality of the new. One thing must be firmly borne in mind: the culture of Mr. Rockefeller cannot be imposed as the hemisphere norm. It is altogether natural that the two most oppressed races of the New World, the Indian and the Negro, with whom class oppression takes the form of racial oppression, should have a major contribution to make; particularly, when one takes into consideration their numerical preponderance. It may not be generally known, for example, that in a number of South American countries the Indian constitutes a majority of the population: Peru and Guatemala, 60 percent; Bolivia, 54 percent; while in Ecuador the percentage is 48; in Nicaragua 33; in Mexico 28.

As for the Negro, the words of a leading Latin American authority, Prof. Arthur Ramos of Brazil, may be quoted:

> The peoples of the New World are, in the large majority, colored peoples, of pure or mixed blood. It is impossible for them to envisage social problems exclusively within the older framework of white communities. An intensive mixture of races and of peoples, an unlooked for contact of cultures, is impelling Americans to a new civilization. The work of cultural assimilation goes on apace; and in this process, we absolutely cannot do without the cooperation of the Negro, the common denominator of all the Americas.

In conclusion, one may repeat the question: *Whose culture? Which culture?* That of a dying and vicious social order; or that great new many-hued people's culture which, like the new society, is being born out of the womb and death-throes of the old.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Stevenson

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A Voice from the Nazi Blackout

How people in France feel about the war. A glimpse of what is happening in Germany and Czechoslovakia. "In 'the metro' things have improved."

This is the translation of a letter received by a friend of NEW MASSES *from a refugee, who was about to leave Lisbon for South America. —The Editors.*

Lisbon.

IT WAS difficult to leave my homeland, Czechoslovakia, in October 1938. That's where I had lived and worked as long back as I could remember. France was a neighboring country, and not such a strange one, after all. Paris was the heart of democratic Europe, and after the war began, it was still home for all of us exiles from our fatherlands.

Leaving Lisbon today is like leaving a madhouse. I have every reason to be happy about going since my wife was imprisoned in a French concentration camp for several months, and the Gestapo roams all over France, even in the unoccupied areas, searching for political exiles. I am curious about the western hemisphere, yes, even excited. Yet it is hard to leave your own world.

This is all the more true because we are the people who have hope in Europe today. The values of the old civilization have been destroyed. I wonder whether you Americans appreciate that fact. The values as well as the entire structure of capitalist democracy, such as we knew it in the past eight years, have been shattered. Munich shattered them, and the miserable debacle of last June has completed the process. The men in the Chatignon whom Vichy intends to put on trial—they will never return to power in France. They are the living remains of a dead epoch.

EMIGRES IN FRANCE

True enough, the French are recovering from the numb helplessness of last summer. This recovery takes on two forms: among the workers and the poor generally, the Communists are powerfully organized and active. *L'Humanite* appears illegally every day in the occupied area and even crosses the frontier into the Vichy region. It is significant that all food queues in Paris have been abolished. From now on, you are notified when your number has been called, and you come one by one to take your rations. The reason is obvious. The queues were becoming real political demonstrations. The French Communists suffered losses, of course, but they have reconstituted their organizations and they maintain them even after repeated police raids on the illegal printing presses and distribution centers. The French Communist Youth are especially active, and in many places have come forward when their elders have held back. There is also a noticeable sympathy for Britain among the upper and middle classes. Undoubtedly, many people, while they do not wish a resumption of the war, look forward to a British victory. But the strongest moral force is unquestionably in the working class.

I wonder whether you realize what we emigres in France have lived through since the war broke out. Here was really the center of refugee activities. First, there were the Spanish refugees, some 120,000 of whom still remain in southern France in the horrible concentration camps. Their plight is extremely harsh. They escaped the tortures of one betrayal in which France played such a decisive part only to find themselves in the midst of another betrayal in which France herself was the victim. Then there were at least three other major refugee groups: the Poles, the Czechoslovaks, and the Italians. Almost a million Italians have been living in France for the past fifteen years or more; thousands of Czech and Slovak workers had been imported for work in the mines in the north and work in the fields. The same was true of many Poles, and both nationalities had their families with them. Among these were a good percentage of political refugees from the disasters of the last three years. Then there were also Hungarians, Austrians, and even South American exiles, not to mention the German Jews and those anti-fascist Germans, both Jew and gentile, who have been wandering all over Europe since 1933.

When war was declared many Czechoslovaks volunteered for service with the French army. The Benes people, with Stephan Osusky in the lead, signed a treaty with the Daladier government and a Czech legion was organized by general mobilization. Its strength grew from 3,000 to 10,000 men, and consisted of every group and nationality that had any interest in the Czechoslovak republic. In mid-winter, this legion was joined by some 600 Palestine Jews who wished to volunteer with us, and men kept arriving even from the Protectorate to fight against Hitler. Among us were also Spanish civil war veterans who had been in the Gurs concentration camp. They numbered almost 500.

Most of the officers were Czechs, but the regiments themselves were half Slovaks, a quarter Czechs, and the rest Germans and Jews. At the beginning this legion consisted of professionals, but within a few months, they were outnumbered by working men, the great majority of whom were of radical sympathies. By contrast the officers were often bitter reactionaries who admired the methods of Hitler and sought to introduce them. For example, when we reached Agde, a decree was issued that the German and Hungarian languages must not be spoken, and whoever did would be punished. This outraged and disgusted the Sudeten Germans and the many Hungarians in our ranks. It made their life miserable and they began to ask what kind of democratic Czechoslovakia could be restored on such a basis?

The same was true of the Slovaks, who were blamed by the officers for the collapse in March 1939. Their life was also made miserable and every minor issue was magnified in the effort to divide one nationality against the other. Equally with anti-Semitism, which various officers openly encouraged, and within the ranks provocateurs who inflamed anti-Semitic prejudices went unpunished. One day a soldier called Strouhal dared to defend the Jews. He was reported to his superiors. An investigation was ordered in the course of which he was asked: "Why do you defend the Jews?" He replied: "I am only defending Masaryk's principles." His superiors replied that these principles were obsolete and must be eradicated from the new Czech nation. To which Strouhal replied: "If it were not for Masaryk's principles, then why did I join the army?"

In mid-winter of 1939, the French ministry of war despatched a number of agents to investigate the "political mood" of the Czech Legion. Two questions were asked: first, what is your conception of the republic that is to be? The overwhelming number of replies were: a democracy much broader. And a sizable minority replied: a democracy of a new type! The second question was: would you be willing to fight against Soviet Russia? Only the foreign legionnaires, the ruffians, replied in the affirmative. At least 80 percent of the troops said no, and indicated their disgust with the question. The French Minister of War was naturally disconcerted by the response and began to feel that the Czech Legion was untrustworthy. [Incidentally, we discovered the tabulations of this questionnaire in the confusion after June.]

ARMY TREACHERY

The Poles also had a legion in France under the direct command of their government in exile. Their forces were much larger than ours, and its anti-democratic character was even more pronounced. No Jews could become officers and anti-Semitism was rife. The Polish government in exile even considered itself at war with both Germany and Soviet Russia, as it does to this very day in London. And as a result, the same confusions and betrayals were made possible among the Poles as among ourselves.

We were segregated from the rest of the French army and the population. Nevertheless literature circulated freely among us; Dimitrov's appeal of Nov. 7, 1939, and all

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of Molotov's speeches found their way into the camps. So untrustworthy did the French staff consider us that in the last days of France several regiments were sent up to the front with only eight rounds of ammunition per soldier to face the advancing German tanks. As the defeat became obvious, so did the treachery. Our own officers together with their women and belongings made their way to southern France and thence to London. Most of the Legion, in common with most of the French army, was simply overwhelmed by the general debacle. Naturally, they insisted on being demobilized now that the accursed war was over. Many of them, as I have said, had their families in France. But the authorities refused and they were again imprisoned in a camp alongside of a regiment of Moroccans. The Czechs mutinied and insisted upon being demobilized. The Moroccans were brought in to handle them. But when the Moroccans learned what was wanted, they also threw their arms down and said: "That's just what we'd like to do also—go home." Finally, the demobilization took place and today around Paris the Czechoslovak organizations have been rebuilt. One of their bulletins comes out regularly although it is illegal, and on the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution there was a gala edition.

INSIDE CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Conditions back home are extremely trying. The nation as you know is divided into three parts: there is the protectorate in Bohemia and Moravia, under direct German rule; there is Slovakia and then there is the Carpatho-Ukraine which the Hungarians took over after Munich. Naturally things are most difficult in the protectorate. The attitude against the Nazis divides itself along class lines. There are still some sections of the Czech bourgeiosie that would like to collaborate with the Nazis, the same groups which welcomed the Munich *diktat*. The working class and some sections of the middle peasantry are under Communist influence; the intellectuals and middle classes look toward the leadership of the Benes people.

But the Benes people inside Czechoslovakia are quite different from the Benes people in London. They are in a much more direct contact with the working people generally and relations between them and the Communists are often harmonious. It is difficult, even for a follower of Benes, to visualize the liberation of Czechoslovakia coming from London. On the contrary, the logical and widespread feeling is that it will come by an eastward orientation. You will know what I mean. There is widespread sabotage against the Nazis in the plants and in the villages. The attitude is one of bitter enmity, in which the people try to have as little as possible to do with the soldiers. But the population avoids a direct clash with the governing forces for that would mean great bloodshed. One must conserve one's strength.

The chief Nazi argument is that Czechoslovakia ought to be grateful since it has been spared from war. But everybody knows that if central and eastern Europe have been spared from war it is due to the non-aggression pact rather than any specific desire on the part of the Nazis to spare us war. The pact policy has naturally had great reprecussions. The average man views it as a stroke of great wisdom. It has turned everyone's eyes eastward.

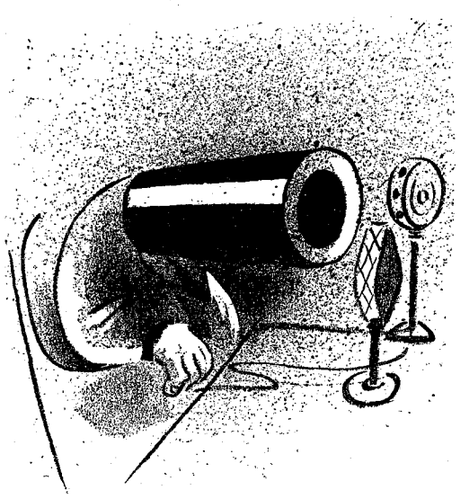
This is especially true of Slovakia, where the sentiment of the people is unmistakable. At the opening of the university at Bratislava, the newspapers gave great prominence to the delegation from the University of Moscow. As the delegation came westward, entire villages turned out at each train stop. You know of course that Father Tiso, the Slovak governmental head, was compelled to congratulate Stalin on his sixtieth birthday. In fact this sentiment reaches far beyond Slovak borders. For example, after the Red Army marched into Poland to the very crest of the Carpathian mountains, and Hungary occupied the Carpatho-Ukraine, some 15,000 men, women, and children who had been living in Belgium where the menfolk worked in mines, approached the Hungarian consul for passports to return to their native land. The consul, a Hungarian nobleman, was impressed and asked why this whole colony in Belgium wished to return home.

"Well, your excellency," their spokesmen replied, "we have heard that the Soviets are there. We should like to get home."

"But," the consul protested, "are you crazy? The Carpatho-Ukraine is now Hungarian. There are no Soviets there."

"True, your excellency," the delegation replied, "but don't get excited. If there are no Soviets today, there will be tomorrow!"

This attitude is widespread throughout the Carpatho-Ukraine. It is only a matter of time. In fact, when the Red Army first marched through Galicia, the peasants were sure it would continue onto the Ruthenian plains. They were deeply disappointed that it stopped at the mountain passes. After all, said the people, we are also Ukrainians! Entire villages assembled to discuss the situation. Delegations were elected, sometimes including the mayor of the village and even the priests, and these delegations in the dead of night crossed through the passes, urging the Red Army commanders to continue their march.



Caselli

"My friends . . ."

Finally, I would like to tell you just a bit about Germany itself. News is of course very scarce, but these are my impressions based on discussions with people in the last months. Things are bad, economically: long hours of work, low wages reduced to the minimum. The systematic looting of the occupied countries is double edged, for while it may improve things in Germany for a short while it soon exhausts their capacity to provide more loot. Among the people, the eastward orientation is popular since it has eliminated the nightmare of a war on two fronts. Of course, the Nazis are quite confident of winning in the west. My own feeling is that Hitler will try for a decision in the west this year. If he does not win, it means the beginning of his end.

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK

The Finnish war did a great deal to clarify the broad masses with regard to the east. The news of the war was quite fairly reported in Germany. As a result people began to say: well, either the Nazis are lying now, or else they were always lying, for the Soviets seem to have a powerful army. The anti-capitalist demagogy which was reflected in Hitler's last speech is quite widespread in Germany. But it is my opinion that this demagogy has a momentum of its own, and has already escaped from Hitler's hands. After all, the masses of people can see that there are capitalists at home who are profiting from the war. And the feeling reduces itself to this: if it is true that we are fighting a war against the capitalists why are the capitalists getting along so well at home? On the other hand, if we are fighting against capitalism, the logical next step for us is socialism; but is socialism really possible with Hitler in power? many people ask. Naturally, I cannot go into details, but for "the metro" things have improved. Everything is still there and gets an increasingly better reception. The Gestapo has been compelled to fire off in so many directions that direct hits at home are more rare.

The outlook in Europe, therefore, despite all our suffering, is good. In truth, we are the only force of real strength left and the bankruptcy of all other forces adds to our own. Most of Europe does not fully appreciate the weight of America in world affairs. The illusion is quite common that America's entry into the war might shorten it considerably, and what people want most of all is an end to war. But the more conscious folk realize that America's entry into the war in Europe would of necessity have a counter-revolutionary character. For what will be involved here, before the next year is finished, is the actual relation between two worlds. I want you to have confidence that over here, "our" world has the best prospects.

B. F.

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Mustering the Soldiers of Peace

Shall we die for Lord Halifax? 220 delegates from 27 states assemble in Washington against the war. Stop HR 1776 and organize a great American People's Meeting April 6, they decide.

Washington.

A BRITISH warship was docked in the harbor. It was a sign of the times. The delegates that came from every part of America to the working conference for peace called by the American Peace Mobilization recognized that symbol for its worth. "We meet," Michael Quill, of the Transport Workers Union said, "to discuss the common question of life or death."

The organization of peace is a hard task. The men and women who came here as envoys of the American people recognized it, accepted it, went on to cope with it. I wish I could describe the quiet confidence, the maturity, the clarity of the delegates as they went about their work. I felt it a privilege to be numbered among these delegates, the truest representatives of our people. There was something about them that would make history: they would not take no for an answer. "We are not here merely to view with alarm nor wail," said Rev. John B. Thompson, of Oklahoma, national chairman of the APM. His report, clear, reasoned, calm yet eloquent, keynoted the business at hand. "We are here this week-end representing and reporting the anonymous people who are the vast majority of this nation. We are here to ask what this national emergency is doing to them: what are their worst perils and where lie their hopes: and what have we to do with their destiny."

What have we to do with their destiny! This was the business at hand, the destiny of a nation—shall it be war or peace? "We are here to assert by our presence and by our resolve of unity and peace action that the vast majority of the American people do not want war," he continued. He supplemented that with the accepted thesis of the conference: "We are here to assert that the cause of true democracy cannot be served by identifying democracy with the destiny of British imperialism or any other imperialism. . . ."

These fundamentals accepted, the delegates examined their work, criticized their weaknesses, noted their gains, and prepared for the future.

The overwhelming majority of the people, the delegates reported out of their own experience, want peace. How to crystallize that desire into organization. This was the problem.

Unity—that came first of all. "The APM as an end in itself," Mr. Thompson said, "is not important. But as a means of bringing together the wide but scattered forces of real democracy already existing in this country it is supremely important."

That unity was to be achieved in an immediate program of fighting HR 1776 and in the long-range program of preparing for an American People's Meeting for peace on April 5 and 6, the anniversary of America's entrance into the World War. These were the practical results of the conference.

What were the shortcomings in the organization of peace in America? The delegates recognized them as two-fold: first, the need for constant, patient clarification of the political issues among the American people; second, the organization of the people into a monolithic anti-war force that could not be ignored by the administration.

A program to clarify the issues connoted the need for immediate increase in the literature for peace. Leaflets, pamphlets, the labor press, the Negro press, the college press—all these vehicles must be set into motion. Mass meetings throughout the country, the use of the radio, every possible organ of expression that lay within reach of the people were to be utilized. The need to mobilize organized labor on the issue of peace was considered the most urgent. Delegate after delegate, man and woman, rose to present ideas on how to bring the war question out on the floor of their unions. They criticized those union leaders who have pussyfooted around the issues, or who have violated the mandate of the CIO convention for peace. They considered means of crystallizing the anti-war sentiment among the AFL unionists into organization. All of them felt as Mike Quill did. He warned those labor leaders who avoided the war issue because of "special problems" in their unions. He pointed out that when "the steamroller gets going" the question will be whether any unions will remain alive in which to have "special problems." A young woman delegate from Connecticut wanted the CIO *News* to carry more anti-war materials. "And all the union papers must explain, explain, explain, the imperialist basis of this war," she said.

That was the burden of the panel on labor. The delegates urged immediate actions to safeguard their standards of living, their democratic rights, as a means of enlightening all labor, all America on the evils that trail along with war. They warned labor, finally, that to follow the bury-your-head-in-the-sand policy was to invite the axe.

They labored hard during the sessions, sat up all night on the resolutions and the manifesto that would have won Tom Paine's approval. And on Monday most of them went back to the factory and to the office. Some who could, remained to push their demands on the floor of Congress. Rep. Sol Bloom had refused their representative the right to present his point of view at the House hearings on HR 1776. That disheartened nobody. They knew that a war-guilty Congress would avoid them, would shun them. But they were not to be denied. If their delegations were to be turned down, they would return in ever greater numbers. Even should HR 1776 be passed, they would not be discouraged. The fight was just starting. "HR 1776 is neither the starting point nor the stopping point of our fight," Morris Watson said. They meant to battle the war-powers bill every inch of the way; they did not concede defeat at any stage of the game.

Their call for the April 6 meeting will be printed in a million copies. Its eloquence is that of the people. "We are in danger," is the first sentence. "Our trade unions are being attacked by the government," is the second. "The right to strike is being taken away. . . . Our wages are being held down. . . ." and so the call goes. "There is a way out," the statement concludes. "We call upon the workers from the mill and mine and factory, from office and railroad and ship; upon the farmers; upon the unemployed; upon the Negro people, the youth, the aged and all, to meet in their unions and organizations and shops and mass meetings to elect and send their representatives to an American People's meeting in the city of New York on April 5 and 6, 1941, to take steps to mobilize the people for peace in America and for a people's peace to end the war."

Yes, there was a British battleship in the port. That symbolized the relations between American and British imperialism. But there was something else British that was reflected in this conference. That was the spirit of the recent People's Convention in London. There was the choice: the battleship or the people. This working conference for peace had made its choice long ago. The men and women here knew which would ultimately conquer.

JOSEPH NORTH.

★

Capital Notes

NOTHING would please the administration more than to force John L. Lewis into a strike in April when the United Mine Workers' contract with the coal operators expires. Administration strategists figure it would be a chance to finish Lewis off. The strike could be branded as "sabotage of national defense." Hillman's boys would undoubtedly be quick to offer their services in settling such a strike over Lewis' head; or if that failed, whipping up sentiment to break it the tough way. But we're putting our bets on Lewis and the Mine Workers.

SENATOR PEPPER of Florida was asked to introduce the Geyer Anti-Poll Tax bill in the Senate. It is reported that the senator profusely explained his opposition to the poll tax, but refused to introduce the bill on the grounds that it would destroy the unity of the Senate.

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Why the "Moral Embargo" Was Lifted

Does it mean genuinely improved relations with the Soviet Union? Adam Lapin discusses the administration's "two-faced" policy in the Far East. The fleet shake-up.

Washington.

IT MUST have been very difficult for the administration spokesmen before the House Foreign Affairs Committee to refrain from tossing their usual "bouquets" in the direction of the Soviet Union. The Republican members of the committee attempted to goad Secretaries Stimson and Knox into a good old-fashioned denunciation of the USSR, but they managed somehow to resist the temptation. Even Bill Bullitt, who perhaps as much as any other individual contributed to the break-down of the Franco-Soviet pact, did not indulge himself. A similar trend was indicated in White House Secretary Steve Early's speech to Minnesota newspapermen. Early graciously consented to begin his capsule history of "dictatorship and totalitarianism" in Europe with the rise of fascism in Italy. The administration seems to have abandoned for the present its policy of insulting and irritating the Soviet Union at every possible opportunity. This is as much as can be said with certainty about the immediate consequences of the lifting of the "moral embargo" against the USSR.

As far as corresponding improvements in economic relations are concerned, few hopeful signs have been visible as yet. Only a negligible proportion of the machine tools purchased here by Moscow and seized by the administration have been released in recent weeks. And it is not likely that further purchases will be permitted. Lithuanian, Esthonian, and Latvian ships which were impounded here have still not been turned over to the Soviet government. There are even reports that a number of these vessels may be transferred to Honduran registry. Nor does anyone believe that the lifting of the "moral embargo" will actually mean that the USSR can buy the planes and munitions to which the embargo originally applied.

Why then did the State Department make a move which in a limited sense, at least, represents a diplomatic triumph for the Soviet Union? It is, of course, difficult to find a fool-proof answer. Increased Soviet strength, military, economic, and diplomatic, is, no doubt, part of the story. But it seems fairly plain that the steadily intensifying hostility between the United States and Japan had some bearing on the situation. There are many observers here who believe that every time American-Japanese relations reach a new crisis, the United States makes a friendly gesture to the Soviet Union. It is perfectly true that this type of diplomacy is not conducive to any real understanding between the United States and the USSR. In addition, it probably loses its effectiveness after a while in impressing the Japanese.

The fact remains, however, that the long history of Washington's appeasement of Japan is now reaching its inevitable climax at the same time that the United States is closer than ever to becoming an actual belligerent in Europe. The prospect of simultaneous warfare on two oceans is not one that most naval and military men here are too optimistic about. It is this situation which prompts the conclusion that Sumner Welles was, at least in part, speaking to Japan when he sent his note to Ambassador Constantin Oumansky.

THE FLEET SHAKE-UP

In passing, it is interesting to note that the exchange of compliments last week between Secretary of State Hull and Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoko was one of the more public symptoms of the deterioration of relations between the two countries. Incidentally, Matsuoko indicated that more than one foreign office can play the same diplomatic game when he hinted at the possibility of "fundamental, far-reaching adjustments" looking towards an improvement in Soviet-Japanese relations. But one of the most important indications of the increasing tension between the United States and Japan passed practically unnoticed. This was the recent shake-up in the high command of the United States fleet.

About three months ago the hard-bitten admirals on the Navy's General Board, which determines the disposition of the fleet and all important questions of naval strategy, were reported to have discussed the little matter of sending part of the fleet to Singapore. It is understood that the Board divided four to three, with Admiral James O. Richardson, commander in chief of the fleet, heading the majority opposition to the idea. Since that vote, a number of important changes have taken place. Admiral Richardson has been shunted off to a position in Secretary Knox's office. Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, who is said to line up in favor of a more aggressive policy toward Japan, has been promoted to Richardson's place. Two new admirals who will support Kimmel have been added to the Board, making a clear majority in favor of sending the fleet to Singapore. How soon the new majority will act remains to be seen. A move in this direction will be of immeasurable assistance to the British in defending all of southeastern Asia. It will also go a long way toward bringing the United States into the nightmare of war on two fronts at the same time.

It is typical of the administration's ambiguous policy in the Far East that while relations with Japan get progressively worse Chinese representatives in this country are reported to be having extraordinary difficulties in making purchases of war materials—more difficulties apparently than the Japanese, whose purchases of such materials in the first eleven months of 1940 were higher than in the same period of 1939. The Chinese have not yet been able to spend all of the $25,000,000 loan which was made available to them last October, not to speak of the more recent $50,000,000 loan. They have encountered obstacles from State and War Department officials who insist on strict priority for British orders. Another reflection of the administration's devious course is seen in the increasing concern about the internal friction in China between right-wing Kuomintang circles and the Communists—a friction which the United States helped to foster.

THE PRESIDENT'S EMISSARY

This situation within China is apparently one of the major reasons for Lauchlin Currie's trip to Chunking as the President's personal emissary. He will no doubt be expected to achieve the mutually exclusive objectives of maintaining the unity essential for continued resistance to Japan, and at the same time strengthening the anti-Communist forces with promises of American aid. At a press conference a few days ago the President said in response to a question that he was not sure whether the United States and the Soviet Union were following similar goals in the Far East. Unfortunately the recent history of American policy toward China would indicate that they are not.

Most editorial comments and news stories on the removal of the "moral embargo" from the Soviet Union have been quick to point out that it won't mean very much in terms of American arms shipments to the Soviet Union. Many of the editorial writers and columnists have then gone on to demand: what is the *quid pro quo?* What, in other words, will the Soviet Union be forced to promise in return for a diplomatic gesture? The commentators have not been so quick to point out that the administration's warlike attitude in Europe combined with its two-faced policy in the Far East is placing the United States in a more difficult position than most people realize.

A continuation of the administration's hostile attitude toward the USSR would be adding to what is already accumulating disaster. On the other hand, nothing would be more symptomatic of a more hopeful turn in world affairs than a real understanding between these two countries in furtherance of peace. The lifting of the moral embargo will have to be accompanied by more concrete evidences of a changed attitude before it can be considered more than a diplomatic diversion on a one-way road to war.

ADAM LAPIN.

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War Drums Along the Hudson

From Canarsie to Albany, England expects every New York legislator to do his duty. Simon W. Gerson's report on the repressive Dunnigan and Coughlin bills.

Albany.

NEW YORK historians have described in stirring language the memorable scenes that occurred when the Provincial Congress of the Colony of New York met at White Plains on July 9, 1776, approved the Declaration of Independence, and, as befitted men fighting for freedom, voted unanimously to change their name to the Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York.

This reporter is not prepared to predict any immediate movement to revert to colonial status. But even a casual glance at the Albany scene indicates a considerable back-to-King George atmosphere. National "defense" is the leitmotif, aid-to-Britain the phrase. England expects every New Yorker to do his duty, and with few exceptions our legislators won't let the Crown down.

The tip-off came soon enough. Frock-coated Gov. Herbert H. Lehman, Wall Street's great gift to the state Democratic Party, made it plain in his opening message to the legislature. The world was engaged in "total war" and from Canarsie to Rouses Point the word had to be "total defense." The State Defense Council, possessing only advisory powers, should be made a regular state agency, the governor recommended. (Of the twelve members of the council, six are bankers or industrialists interested in war orders.) Furthermore, the governor urged that local defense councils be organized in every village and county. "God," one leading state lawyer muttered at that point, "these defense councils will be stumbling all over themselves. They'll be a greater menace than the Nazis can ever hope to be."

"ANTI-SABOTAGE" BILLS

While the governor directly suggested no new repressive legislation—the state ought to wait until results of the federal Voorhis bill could be ascertained, he said—he proposed that the legislature pass "anti-sabotage" bills which, among other things, could be used to regulate highways near defense plants. Of course, he added hastily, the laws should not be used "as a means of oppressing organized labor."

Although the Republican majorities in both houses (30 to 21 in the Senate; 87 to 62 Democrats and 1 American Laborite in the Assembly) were coy about it, there is fundamental harmony with the governor's proposals. Such reservations as the Republicans have are derived in part from the stronger isolationism of the up-state electorate and from a partisan wariness about patronage possibilities inherent in Democratic "defense" legislation.

But the members of the governor's own party were not slow to take their cue. Bills No. 2 and 3, aimed at outlawing the Communist Party, were introduced in the Senate by minority leader John J. Dunnigan of the Bronx, crony of Democratic national chairman Edward J. Flynn. The first of the Dunnigan bills amends the civil service law and provides that a person who is either a member of the Communist Party or who signs a Communist nominating petition is ineligible for public office. The second bill, revising the election law, states that any party whose members are ineligible for public office may not be on the ballot.

THE LEGION SPEAKS

However, Mr. Dunnigan is by no means without opposition of a sort in his own ranks. Assemblyman John A. Devaney, Jr., also a Bronx Democrat, has introduced a measure, sponsored officially by American Legion executives, along the same lines as the Dunnigan bill which, the brass hats argue, is "not as strong as the Legion's bill." The Devaney bill is contemptuous of legal circumlocution and openly declares that the Communist Party, or "the Third Communist Internationale" or any groups "directly or indirectly affiliated with it," may not be on the ballot.

Still another Democratic measure in the same broad-minded spirit is that of Sen. Edward J. Coughlin of Brooklyn. The senator, who is something less than an original thinker, simply sent for the Oklahoma criminal syndicalism law under which two Communists were recently given ten-year sentences, copied it verbatim and introduced it. More blunt than the measures of Messrs. Dunnigan and Devaney, the Coughlin bill not only proscribes "syndicalism" but also makes "sabotage" punishable by a ten-year sentence. It defines sabotage in a few neat phrases, including the choice one, "injury to or destruction of the property of any employer." How that lends itself to anti-labor trickery can be imagined by those even slightly familiar with employer tactics in strikes.

Thus far responsible Republican legislative leaders have not associated themselves with any of these proposals. Some have even gone so far as to call them "crackpot" bills. Various interpretations have been placed on the GOP's silence, but no observer believes that the Republicans are more attached to the Bill of Rights than Dunnigan, Devaney, and Coughlin. The most plausible view on Capitol Hill is that the majority high command prefers for the moment to let Governor Lehman's party carry the red herring.

Several Republicans are, of course, aware of the political debacle of former Speaker Thaddeus C. Sweet, who thought he would ride to the governor's chair on the crest of his Red-baiting drive in 1920 when he engineered the expulsion of five Socialist assemblymen. These GOP members vividly recall the stinging condemnation then made by former Gov. (now Chief Justice) Hughes:

> I regard it as a serious blow at the standards of true Americanism and nothing short of a calamity. Those who make patriotism a vehicle for intolerance are very dangerous friends of our institutions.

But if the Republicans are marking time on the Democratic anti-Communist, anti-labor bills, they are not at all hesitant about pushing their own Rapp-Coudert investigation of the state's school system (discussed in detail in NEW MASSES, Dec. 17, 1940). On opening day with a haste best described as obscene, the Republican majorities jammed through both houses a resolution continuing the life of the committee until March 1942. In the Senate the measure was passed even before the governor's message was heard, an action virtually unprecedented in New York legislative annals. Only one vote, that of Assemblyman J. Eugene Zimmer of Troy, lone Laborite in the legislature, was cast against the resolution. But by the time a $45,000 additional appropriation to the committee came up, the old party ranks began to crack somewhat under pressure from organized teachers and parent groups. Sharp criticism of the committee's methods began to be voiced by the Democrats; three of them and one Republican joined Zimmer in opposing the funds.

Black as was the atmosphere for progressivism in the opening days of the legislature, it cannot for a moment be said that all is lost for labor and genuinely democratic movements. No doubt the pro-fascist elements who would destroy every vestige of the Bill of Rights in the guise of "national defense" are currently riding high. But like most legislators they live in mortal terror of adverse criticism back home. The beginning of a bolt on the Rapp-Coudert committee, which came only after a deluge of telegrams to the legislators and the steady pounding of protest delegations, proves the point. Organized labor and the various popular community organizations have yet to be heard from. The fight over state aid to education, which the various Chambers of Commerce and taxpayers' groups have been seeking for years to reduce, will be as bitter this year as last. The Red-baiting bills are being challenged. Already the CIO Council of Greater New York has condemned the Coughlin bill. The battle over the state budget, sent to the legislature by the governor several days ago, promises to draw in many groups hitherto apparently indifferent to questions of state finance. The fight has only begun. New Yorkers, justly proud of the Empire State's advanced social legislation, will not permit years of progress to be swept away.

SIMON W. GERSON.

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From AM to FM

Frequency modulation, radio's new wonder child. How it came about. Are the new receivers worth buying? The big broadcasting chains have a headache.

WITHIN the past year, there have been frequent references in newspapers to a new development in radio called FM. The letters stand for *frequency modulation* as distinct from the system now in use, AM or *amplitude modulation.* The newspaper articles promise that FM will correct all of the technical defects of radio reception and that it will soon be possible to hear Superman as though he were in the same room as the listeners.

The promoters of FM advance two claims for their method which should give it great superiority over AM: 1. Reduction of extraneous noise, such as the hissing caused by the tubes themselves, interference caused by electric razors, elevators, and neon lights; 2. Faithful tone reproduction. Only the first claim is justified. Faithful tone reproduction is independent of the type of modulation involved. Today, if one is willing to pay the price, there are high fidelity receivers on the market for AM which give excellent reproduction. An equivalent type of receiver will be necessary to get the full benefit of FM.

The word *frequency* means the measure of electric vibrations. For example, the current generated in power houses for general use is called sixty-cycle alternating current. This means that the current reverses itself sixty times a second. In radio use, the number of vibrations per second, or frequency, runs into the thousands of cycles, called kilocycles. WJZ in New York, for example, transmits on 760,000 cycles, or 760 kilocycles. In FM transmission, the frequencies run still higher, into the millions of cycles, or megacycles. Television broadcast bands are even higher.

AMPLITUDE MODULATION

The word *amplitude* refers to the intensity of the vibration. The louder a signal, the greater its amplitude. The measure of amplitude for an electric wave is volts. Radio reception, however, depends upon frequency, and so the words cycle, kilocycle, and megacycle will appear throughout this article.

The first difficulty radio engineers met in the pioneer days was the fact that a radio signal reproducing sound at its own frequency was absorbed by the air, and could only be sent over a distance of a few feet. If the audible range of sound frequencies, which extends from about sixteen cycles up to 20,000 cycles a second, were converted into electric vibrations, they could be sent only over very short distances. Soon after, however, it was discovered that frequencies of the order of hundreds of kilocycles would not only penetrate the atmosphere, but actually follow the curvature of the earth.

The next forward step was to use the penetrating high frequencies to carry the audible low frequencies along with them. It was done this way: the high frequency wave, called the carrier, is generated with a constant amplitude. The signal to be transmitted is superimposed on the carrier in such a way that the amplitude of the carrier varies with the frequency of the signal. For example, a tuning fork striking a C causes a vibration of 259 cycles. When this sound is transmitted over the radio, the carrier has its amplitude changed 259 times a second.

The signal travels through the atmosphere, then, as a high frequency wave of varying amplitude, and it is picked up by the receiver in the same form. The receiver is so constructed that only the variations of the carrier amplitude are allowed to reach the loudspeaker, and so one hears only the original signal. To tune in in the New York area one sets his radio for one particular carrier frequency, 760 kilocycles for WJZ and 860 for WABC.

This is the present system, amplitude modulation, so-called because the original signal modifies the carrier amplitude. Carrier frequencies are allotted by the Federal Communications Commission in such a way that no two stations operating in the same region at the same time have the same carrier. The FCC also decides what power output a station may have, thus controlling the size of the area it can reach.

Frequency modulation also uses a carrier, but now the *frequency* of the carrier is varied with the frequency of the signal. The tuning fork can be used as an example again. If we look at the carrier, we will find that its frequency is varying at the rate of 259 times each second. If the tuning fork is made louder, the *amount* that the carrier frequency changes will increase, but still at the rate of 259 times a second.

The FM receivers permit only the *rate* of carrier frequency variation to reach the loudspeaker: therefore FM and AM receivers are radically different in construction, and one cannot receive the signals meant for the other. Since most static is amplitude modulation, FM sets do not respond to it, and this accounts for their relative freedom from noise. Similarly, FM reception is not affected by steel structures or passing cars.

The range of audible frequencies, as given before, is between fifteen and twenty kilocycles, and every radio carrier must therefore control the frequencies on either side of it to carry through an AM signal. Thus, the standard broadcast bands are allowed five kilocycles on either side, 765 to 755 for WJZ. This is only ten kilocycles, and the higher part of the audible range cannot be heard. Ten kilocycles are sufficient to pass the average speaking voice, but not the higher overtones which give color and tone to music.

Even though most AM transmitters have a frequency range of ten kilocycles, most receivers are tuned only for a range of about six or seven kilocycles, cutting reproduction even more. High fidelity sets are tuned over the entire ten kilocycle range, but they are priced far above the average sets.

HIGH FREQUENCY

FM works only at frequencies much higher than those of the standard carriers, running into millions of cycles (megacycles) rather than thousands. The FCC places them up in the region from 43 megacycles to 50 megacycles. This permits them to have sidebands of the order of 200 kilocycles wide which is sufficient to transmit a wave that could give almost perfect reproduction. The drawback is that the ordinary receivers are not tuned to take advantage of it.

It is pointed out that a carrier frequency of 700 kilocycles will follow the curvature of the earth, and AM signals can travel around the world. Still higher frequencies, such as those used by FM, while not absorbed by the atmosphere, do not follow the earth's surface, but actually penetrate the outer atmosphere and leave the earth at the horizon. This means that an FM station can reach an area only about seventy miles in radius. To reach a larger area, it will have to be picked up and rebroadcast. The advantage of this is that only a relatively small number of carrier frequencies need be used as long as no two stations in the same broadcasting region have the same one.

It should be repeated that all the advantages accruing from the use of very high frequencies are not necessarily due to FM, but could be obtained also for AM. The drawback to AM in that frequency range is that AM signals would still be subject to noise and static. A system has already been worked out for FM stations by the FCC to fix the number of stations in an area by the size of the population. In an area under 500 square miles, the number of stations will be three, provided the population is under 25,000. For greater populations, the number of stations can go up to eleven for an area of 3,000 square miles.

The present form of FM was developed by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, who has a licensing arrangement with the manufacturers. Armstrong made a fortune out of his super-heterodyne. At present, Radio Corporation of America, General Electric, Philco, Stromberg-Carlson, Lafayette, and a half dozen others are marketing FM receivers and converters. These converters, which look just like a complete radio set, receive FM broadcasts and then convert them into AM. At this point the signal is fed into your present

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AM set where it is amplified and converted into sound through your loudspeaker. Besides taking up the extra space, the converter has the drawback that your present receiver is probably not tuned to take advantage of the frequency range to give the good reproduction available.

The great advantage of FM lies in the fact that portable units can receive signals very clearly in spite of steel obstructions, cables, bridges, power lines, etc. Portable transmission units are also extremely efficient, and should be superior to AM outfits because the conditions under which they are manipulated are those where natural interference would be greatest, and FM is unaffected by it. It is rumored that German tanks are serviced with FM sets for local communication, and one of the popular radio magazines suggests that the American army will follow suit.

A bulletin of Consumers Union (August 1940) says: "The fidelity of the converter-radio combination is limited by the fidelity of the amplifier and speaker . . . in most sets, relatively poor. Nevertheless, noise reduction and some improvement may be expected."

So much for the ABC of frequency modulation broadcasting. On the social side, FM offers a revealing case history in the economics of modern business subdivision: monopoly and science. For FM is a cogent example of a remarkable invention, a definite advance over an existing technical system, which big business would prefer to hold back —or better still, bury—because it threatens its lushly lucrative stranglehold on an important industry.

THE HIGH-POWER STATIONS

The really big money in broadcasting is reaped by the high power stations—the standard radio band allows for only sixty-eight 50,000-watt stations—and by NBC and Columbia which own, lease, or have affiliations with virtually all the existing 50-kilowatt outlets. Radio stations, of course, make money by selling time on the air, a peculiar form of natural resource which is theirs to exploit gratis in ". . . the public interest, convenience, and necessity"—and corporate profit. They were lucky enough to fall into these exclusive gold mines in the early days of the business, and now they are piling up the proceeds. The price for which stations can sell this air is determined, in the final analysis, not by the programs they pump into the vacant ether—since the building of commercial programs has passed almost exclusively into the hands of the advertising agencies—but to their power. A powerful station reaches more people firmly and clearly, hits more potential customers for the advertiser.

Take the city of Detroit, for instance, which the ad boys call "a rich market." WJBK, only 250 watts, charges $93.75 an hour. WXYZ is 5,000 watts and has an hourly rate of $375. And WJR, one of the fortunate 50,000-watters, can sell its time for $700 an hour! Or consider Pittsburgh where the 250-watt WWSW asks $125 an hour, the 1,000-watt KQV $250, and the 50,000-watt KDKA $500.

Because they do not want to change this pleasantly profitable situation, NBC, Columbia, and the high-power stations have not, and are not actively encouraging the development of frequency modulation. They fear the future. If FM were to become the dominant system of broadcasting, they would lose much of the advantage that is now theirs—power could not be the dollars-and-cents yardstick. All FM stations in a given region are licensed to serve the same fixed area. All FM stations in New York, for instance, will have a coverage area of 8,500 square miles each, and no one broadcaster will have an edge over the other because of power. Moreover, if FM were to become the major means of transmission, since FM technically can allow hundreds more stations than can be fitted into the AM band, there would be much more competition in the broadcasting business—another potential which the loud voices fear.

Major Armstrong had the assistance of RCA in his experiments during 1933-34. A recent *Saturday Evening Post* article on FM stated: "In April 1935, after almost a year of tests, RCA told Armstrong it needed the transmitter for television—he would have to go. Armstrong packed up bitterly. He contends that RCA never meant to give FM a real chance. RCA officials were frightened by FM's implications, he charges, and 'tried to discourage me.'"

Nevertheless, despite the opposition of RCA, which controls NBC, and of CBS and their satellites, FM seems likely to develop rapidly, because of the internal conflicts within the broadcasting industry. First of all, the lower-powered stations see an opportunity to get in on something which may eventually put them on a par with the now dominant high-power stations. It is significant that one of the pioneer promoters of FM, along with Major Armstrong himself, has been an astute gentleman by the name of John Shepard III, who controls the Yankee & Colonial network in New England, which owns four stations and has eighteen others affiliated. Mr. Shepard makes a lot of money, but he'd like to make more. He has no 50,000-watt outlets to help him realize that goal. So he has plumped hard for properly placed FM stations, with which he could blanket New England—and more—as thoroughly and as profitably as if he owned a string of 50,000-watters.

FM TRANSMITTERS

Another factor accelerating the development of FM is the situation in the radio manufacturing industry. As a whole, set producers welcome the advent of FM. They see in it an opportunity to build a market again for higher priced sets. Today, the vast majority of receiver sales are in the low-priced midget class. The manufacturers relish a chance to get away from nine-dollar radios with small margins of profit to the big combinations selling for over $100, where the real money is. As the demand for FM sets rises, these manufacturers will increase their pressure on the FM stations for better program service.

Also pushing hard for frequency modulation are those frustrated businessmen who have been weeping for the last decade that they "should have gone into the broadcasting game years ago when I had the chance." They think this may be another big chance—the chance to get in on radio's second "ground floor." And the FCC is fostering these might-have-beens by a policy of encouraging grants of FM licenses to newcomers to broadcasting.

Meanwhile, the fat boys of the kilocycles are not entirely asleep. The FCC regulations provide that no one owner can have more than three FM stations, and the big networks already have their bids in for their commercial FM outlets.

At present, there are only a few FM transmitters in the New York region, and these give rebroadcasts of the major networks. W2XOR at 43.5 megacycles gives WOR and Mutual programs from 9 AM until midnight. W2XQR at 43.2 megacycles is on from 5 to 11 PM with WQXR programs, and W2XWG gives the NBC programs from 3 to 11 PM at 45.1 megacycles. W2XMN, on 42.5 megacycles, broadcasts the recorded music of "Muzak," the wired music company, from 4 PM to 11 PM daily.

To date the FCC has already issued construction permits for FM stations in Baton Rouge, Detroit, Schenectady, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, Chicago, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Hartford, Pittsburgh, Boston, Columbus, O., Evansville, Ind., Binghamton, N. Y. These new stations will probably be on the air from within six months to a year. If you live outside of metropolitan New York or outside the broadcast range of these other cities your FM set or converter will be a fine dust-catcher for the next few years (although the FCC is expected to grant several dozen more FM licenses during 1941, and your city may be included among those in which such stations may be established). If you live inside the region where FM stations are now, or will soon be, broadcasting, you might give FM some consideration, your pocketbook permitting. On the other hand, if you can't take a hint, and you simply *must* have one, then Consumers Union says:

"CU can make no general recommendation on buying a new receiver until sufficient models are available for test. . . . Combination FM-AM radios will cost more than standard receivers, and FM radios alone will be somewhat more expensive than AM . . . particularly when they incorporate a high fidelity audio system . . . converters will sell anywhere between $50 and $100."

Until the situation clears somewhat, it is the writer's opinion that if you've put up with AM for so long, you can hold out a little longer. AM transmission of commercial broadcasts is here to stay for a good number of years. The most optimistic guesses are it will be five years before fifty percent of the radios sold will be capable of FM reception.

MARK B. CLARK.

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Strictly Personal
by RUTH McKENNEY

Down with Hep-Hep!

HEAVEN knows I am no radio fiend. I used to be able to take radio or let it alone, mostly the latter. But if ASCAP doesn't win the current fight with the broadcasting monopolies pretty soon, I shall go clean out of my mind. In fact, the other night, hunting for a news broadcast I heard some dismal collection of hot-cats (I believe that is the correct designation) swinging away furiously but with evident lack of hope, at a medley of "Yankee Doodle," "Mexicali Rose," and Schubert's "Serenade."

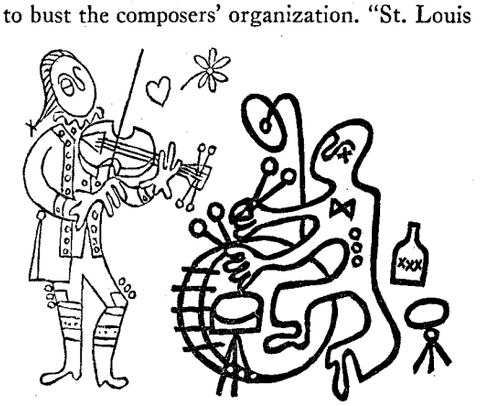
The hair went stiff on my outraged brow. The tenor sang, "Came to town, a feather in his hat," and the band replied loudly, "Hep, hep." The saxophone tooted, some other instrument in the bass brayed, the drummer did a half beat on his tin pan, and the tenor picked it up, whinnying, "Oh-h-h-h, oh, oh, oh, love-ly, love-ly, night." The band replied, with a vocal leer to turn your stomach, "Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy," while the drummer went mad. The big climax came with "Mexicali Rose" in the melody and the band singing "Ave Maria" for the half beat. There ain't been anything like that since—well, name your outrage. If I hear anybody ever swinging the "Fifth Symphony," which I expect momentarily, I shall burst into tears, hatchet our radio, and send poison to the president of the National Broadcasting Co.

But I guess I shouldn't get violent about "Yankee Doodle." Did you hear that hot-lick tenor singing "Pagliacci" the other night? Now "Pagliacci," of course, is a nice piece of musical ham. It certainly isn't great music and I guess there are a lot of people who would say it isn't even good music, and I suppose they would be right. But I was brought up, as who wasn't, on the Caruso record. I used to play it on our old pseudo-mahogony Victrola, with the swinging doors in the music box. I can hear Caruso throbbing now, his voice blaring all over our house, and I can still feel the sharp tears in my eyes. Alas, alas, poor Pagliacci. Remember the picture of Caruso on the Victor Record book? There he stood in his clown's suit, his magnificent chest thrown out, his mouth open, and the terrific question about to rush from his lips. *Questa il quella?* And Caruso was a very great musician. "Pagliacci" may be, and probably is, a pretty shabby little aria, but Caruso made it sound fine and glorious.

And so now they swing it. Nasally. You should hear them, if you haven't already had that privilege. They sing it in English. The drummer does an introduction and the tenor sax accompanies the soloist, who evidently performs with his hand firmly clasping his nose. The band shouts "Hep, Hep," or intones on the fast beat, "Poll. Poll. Poll. I. Ach Ach I."

I suppose this all serves me right in a way. I was always the girl who made a dash to turn off the dial as soon as Benny Goodman or some other similar band got on the air. I once went to a solemn lecture on swing music, hot jazz or whatever, but for my money they could still take it away. I used to listen to Maestro Jimmy Dugan explaining that hot jazz was the greatest folk music in history, and I used to conclude that although Jimmy was a lovely character and eminently sane in every other department, he was definitely hipped on the music question. I read that sad, sad novel about the saxophone player, or maybe it was the trumpeter, I forget. And I thought it was completely insane. If the poor trumpeter was such a sensitive, talented laddie, why didn't he learn real music, which is unlikely to drive you to drink, dope, or suicide? Hot licks on a trumpet may be infinitely amusing to the trumpeter. People who play on combs enjoy themselves, too. But although it may be fun, for my price of admission, it's not music. And this folk music angle is all very well, but the people don't compose dance phrases in a serious or important mood. "St. Louis Blues" looks pretty cheap beside "Go Down Moses." Paul Robeson, America's greatest singer, uses folk music on his programs almost entirely. But I have yet to hear him shout Hep, Hep.

However, I guess this is all beside the point, and I note that I sound unchastened. The fact of the matter is that I never knew how well off I was until the broadcast monopolies tried to bust the composers' organization. "St. Louis Blues" always irritated me vaguely, but nothing serious, and when Benny Goodman worked on "Tea for Two," I could stand it. But now that all the good jazz tunes are off the air, courtesy of the Wall Street-owned radio stations, the hep-hep-boys, otherwise known as alligators, I believe, (don't write in, if I'm wrong) have been forced to turn to decent music. Mind you, I don't say it's their fault. Even the nasal tenors would probably prefer "Stormy Weather" to German *lieder*. But innocent as they are, the jazz bands are about to murder musical taste in America. Fancy the impressionable minds of our innocent youth, listening to Schubert done in the oh-oh-oh-boy manner. And I heard the second movement from the Tchaikowsky "Fifth" the other evening, with verse and choruses by the band leader. As I recall it, the words went something like this, "I gotta HAVE you, YES-SIR, I GOTTA. Won't you come to my little penthouse, up on the roof? Because I GOTTA have you, I GOTTA." You will remember, that is the slow movement, with the lovely melody. It sounds—shall I say odd?—with a harmonizing trio of loud but flat young ladies giving it the old ziss and zamm.



Rodney

Of course I'm afraid this argument sounds rather round-about. I'm passionately in favor of the ASCAP boys winning their fight against the radio stations. Maybe then the jazz bands will be able to lay off decent music. I can hear the swing *aficianados* groaning offstage, but I rush to suggest that just because I don't cotton to the swing-it crew is no reason we can't make a united front. Our aims may be different, gents, but our program is the same: whoopla for Irving Berlin and Cole Porter and Benny Goodman, down with NBC and CBS and MBS!

And I don't see why all good Americans don't rally to our side, from the high school Lindy Hoppers to the more staid contingent like myself. In fact, I think it's very odd that Americans haven't already Risen Up against the current radio diet. I suppose it's because most radio listeners are already so shell-shocked, so defeated that they think it's no use. After all, the radio stations have never paid the least attention to the tastes of their immense audiences. Year in and year out a twist of the dial produces the vilest soap operas, the most nasal tenors, the girl trios who are always off key, the most dismal wit. The gentry who own the radio stations pretend the public wants this bilge, but if they don't know better, they should.

But we mustn't be discouraged by defeatism among radio listeners. Perhaps the ASCAP fight will be the opening battle between the public and the radio monopolies. Rally around, friends, let's start the good work by organizing against the current radio music. I have just written a letter to wheaties or toasties or some similar confection, threatening to tell all my friends I got a case of acute poisoning from my last box of their dainty breakfast food, unless they put on pressure to make WEAF settle with ASCAP. Forward, readers, for the greater glory of Beethoven and Irving Berlin.

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★

Blessing the Blacklist

THE four-month struggle of Teachers Union Local 5 to prevent the Rapp-Coudert "investigating" committee from seizing the union's membership lists met defeat with the anti-union decision of the New York Court of Appeals. This decision marks the first judicial support in many years of the infamous blacklist, a favorite weapon against trade unionism. Indirectly, it weakens the National Labor Relations Act and the analogous state law, a major object of which was abolition of blacklisting. It ignores the revelations of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee and sanctions the Dies committee's blacklisting. And it completely disregards the well-documented conclusion of the federal Circuit Court of Appeals, First Circuit, of last August, that "A long experience had shown that one of the most provocative and effective means by which employers sought to impede the organization of workers was the blacklisting of union men, thereby denying them opportunities for employment."

The New York court counted as nothing the forced appearance of witnesses without counsel before a subcommittee of one at closed hearings. It evidently accepted the Rapp-Coudert committee's position that membership lists were related to the "subversive activities" which the committee was supposed to investigate. The court did not insult reason by identifying such inquisitorial hearings with due process of law. It ignored the warning of numerous AFL and CIO unions which appeared as *amici curiae* to plead for the secrecy of union membership rolls. In short, the court's decision is in line with its recent anti-labor record. This is the court which has held that secondary picketing, *no matter how peaceful,* constitutes disorderly conduct, a penal offense; which sustained the conviction (for "coercion") of Jack Schneider, assistant manager of the Furriers Joint Council, in a trial where Tom Dewey's young men vied with the trial judge in anti-labor tactics.

Most ominous is the precedent set by this judicial victory for Rapp-Coudert. Where the Dies committee has been hindered by the disrepute of its tactics, and the "anti-trust" prosecutions of organized labor have been threatened by the Apex decision, new anti-union "investigating" committees will engage in legalized blacklisting. Only the tremendous pressure of organized labor, immediate and sustained, can stop the movement before it gains further impetus. To prevent the jailing of its president, Charles J. Hendley, Local 5 was forced to surrender its membership lists. But it accompanied this surrender with a statement reviewing and protesting the Rapp-Coudert committee's procedure, and warning the committee that every legal step would be taken to protect those whose names appeared on the lists against unfair or discriminatory acts. The union also urged all labor and progressive organizations to ensure passage of legislation prohibiting the seizure of membership lists. Such legislation, with laws to forbid secret hearings without counsel and end the operations of irresponsible one-man subcommittees, should be passed not only in New York but in all states, for the protection of labor against the Couderts, Dies, Coughlins, and their allies.

Risking Labor's Neck

CAN labor help itself by helping the employers promote "efficiency" in production? Can labor help itself by supporting a big business war? These two questions underlie the Reuther plan, the Murray plan, and the proposed CIO plan for the steel industry. And the first question is involved in the Hochman plan for the women's apparel industry sponsored by the leadership of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

One would have thought that after the sad experiences of the twenties with similar schemes for what is politely called union-management cooperation (one of the best known was the B & O plan), the labor movement would have had its fill of them. The dominant position of capital under our economic system cannot be eliminated by selling labor the illusion of equality and partnership. What these plans inevitably mean in practice is that the workers help the employer to speed them up and make more profits for himself.

Such proposals have even graver implications if they serve to support the reactionary program of bigger armaments for imperialist war. That is the objective of the Reuther plan, which proposes to step up plane production by utilizing the auto industry's facilities, and of the plan of Philip Murray, president of the CIO, for establishing joint industry-labor councils in the basic industries to increase war production. Murray discussed his plan before a meeting of 500 leading industrialists the other day. They are reported to have been favorably impressed. With good reason. For though Murray has made clear that he intends his plan to protect the living standards and the democratic rights of the workers as well as boost production, the effect of the plan would be to bind labor to a war machine whose operations sharply conflict with the needs of the workers and the masses of the people.

The same comment can be made on a recent radio discussion in which Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, and David J. McDonald, secretary-treasurer of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, took part. Though they followed the policy of the CIO convention in defending the right to strike, opposing extension of the work week, and condemning the granting of war contracts to violators of the National Labor Relations Act, they also offered full support to the misnamed defense program which tends to nullify these objectives. They also encouraged the enemies of the labor movement by linking Communism with its antithesis, fascism and Nazism.

These contradictory attitudes serve to confuse and divide the workers when they most need unity. Labor can maintain and improve its standards not by entering into any spurious war partnership with capital but by exerting on both the economic and political fields the strength which independence and solidarity can bring.

They Never Change

NORMAN THOMAS' testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee on the lease-lend bill underscored the complete moral bankruptcy of Social Democracy not only in this country, but throughout the world. It came just a day after British imperialism had called on its two "Socialist" ministers, Bevin and Morrison, to do two particularly dirty jobs: propose forced labor and suppress the London *Daily Worker* and *The Week*. And Thomas' testimony preceded by one day the announcement of the Vichy government that among those appointed to its new dummy Reichstag, the National Council, is Paul Faure, general secretary of the Socialist Party, who will rub elbows with such fascists as Jacques Doriot and Colonel de la Rocque.

Thomas proved himself a worthy comrade of Bevin, Morrison, and Faure. His testimony revealed him as the "Socialist" echo of the big business appeasers. While professing to oppose the lease-lend bill, his position differed little from that of Joseph P. Kennedy, whom in a recent column in the *Socialist Call* he welcomed as an ally in the fight for peace. Thomas too favored aid to Tory Britain with certain reservations. And he too expressed the fear that a protracted war may prove fatal to capitalism, or, as Thomas put it, it may result "in such a break-up of western civilization that Stalin with his vast Communist armies and loyal followers will be the victor."

Thomas told the committee that "it would have been a monstrous thing to impose an embargo when Britain's life is at stake." This is the same Norman Thomas who a couple of years ago was demanding the invocation of the Neutrality Act to embargo arms to China on the ground that this was necessary

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for the maintenance of America's peace.

Simultaneous with Thomas' appearance before the House Committee, a new split was revealed in the impotent little sect which calls itself the Socialist Party. A number of leading Socialists issued a statement attacking Thomas' position and urging fullest support for the lease-lend bill and the Roosevelt war policy. Some of the signers of this statement were a few years ago loudest in denouncing the Communist Party from the "left" and in opposing collective security with the Soviet Union on the ground that it would mean war. Thus under the impact of the war crisis the Socialist Party reveals its umbilical tie to capitalism by dividing along the line of cleavage within the capitalist class itself; Norman Thomas and his group line up with Joe Kennedy and Ham Fish, and the other baker's dozen camp in the vest-pockets of FDR, Wendell Willkie, Thomas W. Lamont, and similar Galahads of war.

Imperialist Matrimony

THEY call it Union Now. When first proposed by the American journalist Clarence Streit, about two years ago, it was just another one of those utopian schemes for persuading the capitalist leopard to change his spots. The capitalist democracies were supposed to get together and live in pure federated bliss like the states of the American union. This, as the League of Nations demonstrated, is impossible because of the cut-throat struggle inherent in capitalism for markets, raw materials, and the political dominance that comes from their control.

Nobody paid much attention to the idea when it was broached. But recently it has been taken up by the best people. They all got together at a dinner the other night given at the Waldorf Astoria by the New York Committee of Federal Union, Inc. At the dinner it became clear what had suddenly blown life into the still-born Union Now. The toastmaster was Dr. Frank Kingdon, chairman of the New York chapter of Thomas W. Lamont's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. The speakers included such well-known rooters for war as Dorothy Thompson, Clare Boothe Luce, Thomas Mann, Pertinax, and Lord Marley. In fact, the occasion marked a touching union now between Dorothy and Clare, who were very much in each other's hair during the election campaign because Dorothy (that traitor to her class) supported FDR while Clare backed Wendell. They have since discovered that they were really supporting the same man.

The gathering agreed that an immediate union of the American and British empires would be the best way to carry on the war and to assure Anglo-American domination of the world after the war. Of course, it wasn't put as bluntly as that. Union Now is a fine idealistic nosegay to cover up the rude odor of reality. But the best translation of Union Now was given by Dr. Virgil Jordan, head of the National Industrial Conference Board, in his recent speech before the Investment Bankers Association which NEW MASSES has so widely publicized. Said he: "Whatever the outcome of the war, America has embarked upon a career of imperialism, both in world affairs and in every other aspect of her life. . . . At best, England will become a junior partner in a new Anglo-Saxon imperialism, in which the economic resources and the military and naval strength of the United States will be the center of gravity."

Bridgeport's Fiery Cross

IT CAN happen outside the South, without tar, feathers, and rope. It's happening in a Bridgeport, Conn., courtroom, where Joseph Spell, Negro chauffeur, stands trial on charges of "raping" the socialite Mrs. John K. Strubing, Jr. At this writing the first

(Continued on page 18)

A Glittering Fraud

THE hearings on the dictatorial lease-lend bill are a fraud. On an issue involving the fate of millions and the future of democracy *not a single representative of the American people was permitted to testify before the House Foreign Affairs Committee.* What we had for two weeks was an exclusive family affair, a display of minor divergences within the circle of imperialism. Whatever the particular witness' name, it was big business that testified day after day. And big business in this country is no more united on the precise ways and means of achieving its reactionary objectives than it is in Germany or Britain, though the most powerful monopolist groups are behind the lease-lend bill and the Roosevelt war policy.

Most of the "opponents" called by Rep. Ham Fish, who is himself linked with the appeasers, merely wanted to dress up 1776 in slightly different clothes. And while such distinguished phonies as Norman Thomas, leader of a microscopic party, and Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, fascist and anti-Semite, were invited to testify, no representatives of the American Peace Mobilization, the American Youth Congress, the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties, the Communist Party, and the National Negro Congress were given a hearing. The Washington correspondent of the *Nation,* I. F. Stone, admitted the spurious character of the hearings when he wrote: "A certain air of unreality has hung over the hearings so far, as of persons going through the motions before reaching a foregone conclusion."

As for the "opposition" testimony itself. Only one witness, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, came even close to opposing the aid-to-Britain program which has propelled the country virtually into war; but even he said: "I don't think we can justify dropping a position already taken." Lindbergh's isolationism is closely bound up with his pro-Nazi sympathies which once made him a favorite of England's Cliveden set and America's Wall Street set. And his testimony revealed the blatant imperialism which, despite tactical differences, unites him fundamentally with the dominant pro-British wing of finance capital: he urged huge armaments and the establishment of air bases in Canada and various parts of Latin America. Lindbergh, however, punctured some of the more fantastic claims of administration spokesmen about the danger of an invasion of the United States. The testimony of former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy was, if anything, even more ambiguous than his recent radio speech. He both supported and opposed the lease-lend bill. Kennedy most clearly mirrors imperialism's "split personality"—the desire to profit from the war trade with Britain colliding with the fear that a prolonged conflict will lead to social revolution in Europe.

What shall be said of the administration's rebuttal witnesses? Their character is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the two stars were the Japanese agent, Gen. John F. O'Ryan (he of Fighting Funds for Finland ill-fame), who admitted that he favors an immediate declaration of war, and former Ambassador William C. Bullitt, yesterday's appeaser, today's warmonger. Bullitt's trump card in refuting the charge that, while ambassador to France, he had pledged America's entrance into the war was a letter he had sent in 1936 to R. Walton Moore, counsel of the State Department. The letter urged that the French government be made to understand that in the event France became involved in war, it could not count on the participation of the United States. But what is the background of this document? *In 1936 France was ruled by a government of the People's Front.* Bullitt at that time was a notorious appeaser, who intrigued against the People's Front government, against the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact and against the policy of genuine collective security which could have prevented the war. Bullitt's "pacifism" in 1936 was thus only a stage in the evolution of his later pro-war position. Isn't it strange that no documents were presented from the 1938-39 period when Bullitt is supposed to have given his promises of American participation?

There is, however, real opposition among the people to the war and dictatorship policy embodied in HR 1776. The proposals for "safeguarding" amendments and such schemes as Senator Taft's for a loan of $1,500,000,000 to Britain and Canada seek to dissipate this opposition. The recent admission of Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard columnist, that 99 percent of his mail is opposed, is a small indication of the vast resentment seething throughout the country. The voice of this opposition—the real America—was heard in Washington over the past weekend at the conference of the American Peace Mobilization which is described by Joseph North elsewhere in this issue. It needs to be heard still more loudly, swelling from every part of the country so that no senator or representative can mistake it. The gag must be lifted from the hearings on the bill. The bill itself must and can be defeated.

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week of the trial has ended. No Negroes sit on the jury: two in the prospective panel of thirty-three were excluded, one simply because he is a former member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. State's Attorney Lorin W. Willis repeatedly refers to the defendant as "this Negro." Newspapers repeatedly refer to him as the "attacker" and feed the morbid sensationalism with suggestive pictures and lynch-inciting stories. When Mrs. Strubing takes the stand, commercial newspapers sob with pity. Almost none of them points out the wild contradictions and memory lapses which mark her testimony. Mrs. Strubing "can't remember," she "isn't sure," or she merely "thinks so" when it comes to such details as how many times she was "raped" that night of December 10, whether Spell actually threw her into a reservoir or whether she jumped in, what happened to the "ransom note" that Spell allegedly forced her to write (which has never been found), whether or not the chauffeur gagged her or threatened her with a knife.

In Bridgeport, as in the South, the fiery cross brightens ruling class life. Ernest Moorer reports in the *Sunday Worker* of January 26 that the employers in this "defense boom town," which has a Socialist mayor and is the home of a Remington Arms plant, are fighting to exclude Negroes from employment in the factories working on war orders. To these employers the Spell frameup is a godsend.

Virginia's Scottsboro Case

Also charged with "rape," a fifteen-year-old Negro, Joe Mickens of Waynesboro, Va., has received a death verdict effective February 21. Like Mrs. Strubing, the plaintiff was "not sure" of some things —such as whether the defendant looked like the man who attacked her or, in fact, whether she had been attacked at all! The state's case was largely based on a "confession" signed by Joe Mickens after police had persuaded him to drink a glass of root beer containing some other ingredient which befogged his mind. A friend of the Negro child, who was not allowed to testify at the trial, has related that Joe spent the evening of the alleged attack with him at the movies. There were other conspicuous holes in the prosecution's case. Yet the trial, ending in a death sentence, lasted only four hours. Unless the Virginia State Supreme Court overturns the verdict, Joe Mickens may pay with his life for the "white supremacy" traditions of Virginia's aristocracy.

Vitamins and War

Washington's heavy "defense" thinkers have decided to fatten the people for the slaughter. It's been discovered that defense workers, soldiers and civilians, sacrifice more efficiently when they're full of Vitamin B-1. So a "Nutrition Front" has been established. An "educational campaign" is on, under the direction of Paul V. McNutt, coordinator of various "fields of activity affecting the national defense." Dr. L. M. Wilson of the US Department of Agriculture finds that "Proper nutrition is exactly as important to the country now [sic] as are 50,000 airplanes that will fly 400 miles an hour." And Milo Perkins, president of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, says that Americans eat the wrong things not only because they don't know better but because they "do not have money enough to buy the right ones." Mr. Perkins even quotes from a survey to show that in 1935-36 there were at least 4,000,000 American families with an average income of $314 for the year. This fact, he remarks, "may come as a surprise to us and an unpleasant one."

Such facts are unpleasant, certainly, but hardly surprising. A vast number of Americans have been "considering" pellagra, malnutrition, and poverty for many decades before they acquired the gruesome value of war targets. It will not alleviate their misery for the government to show sudden concern because "The scientists say you can't put into heavy industry a man who has been subsisting on a deficient diet for ten years and get anything out of him." That same government has cut wretched relief allowances, set up a war economy that raises the cost of essential foods. Now it wants healthy soldiers—for a war which deepens their poverty and profits their oppressors.

The administration is also taking a sudden lively interest in scientists. Specifically it wants to know: how can we use these men in the war machine? An index is being compiled to answer that question. It will include the names, background, experience, and fitness for "defense" work of men and women in more than 150 sciences and professions. This "National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel" has been undertaken as part of the plans for "all out" mobilization. And it is believed, says the New York *Times,* that the American index "will far surpass the German government's index as well as that made up in Britain." It looks as though FDR is carrying out Wendell Willkie's campaign promise to "outdistance Hitler." We hope, at least, that FBI spies won't get hold of the index—they may not have learned yet that "archeologist" doesn't mean "fifth columnist."

Be Kind to Winthrop

Private Winthrop Rockefeller has been moved from the wintry tents of Fort Dix to the steam-heated barracks of Fort Jay. Now it is reported that he is being shifted to a "ski regiment" in the Adirondacks. We can't agree with the fault-finders and quibblers who complain that the young man is getting special privileges. The willingness of Winthrop to put up with these ghastly changes in climate—what with flu epidemics running riot—is a stern test of his worth. It strikes us that the officers are being brutally unfair to shove a man around just because his name is Rockefeller. Most heartless discrimination of all was giving Winthrop a ride in the station wagon when the other men were allowed to march half a mile to camp. Why place a man in Coventry? And he taking it all without a whimper! Back to the steady temperatures of Fort Dix—and on foot!—is our don't-hound-Winthrop slogan of the week.

More on China

The crisis in China's united front continues. In his dispatch of January 22 to the New York *Herald Tribune,* Edgar Snow reports that units of the New Fourth Army, while withdrawing to the north bank of the Yangtse river, were attacked by local forces of the Kuomintang. This happened shortly after the New Year. Casualties in dead and wounded ran into the thousands; General Yeh Ting was captured and one of his close associates murdered. And as the remnants of the New Fourth troops reached the other side of the river, they were again attacked by forces of the Wang Ching-wei puppet regime. The Kuomintang columns stood by idly.

Instances of this kind are shocking in their cynicism and tragedy. Their implications, as Philip Jaffe explains in his letter on page 20, involve nothing less than the possibility of a collapse of China's struggle and the victory of Japan. To harass one group of Chinese armies while they are facing the enemy is nothing short of treachery.

The issue has not been settled in favor of the reactionaries by any means. Americans who want China to emerge as a united nation must insist that the American government throw its full weight on the side of maintaining unity within the united front. "Anti-Communism" is Japan's favorite programmatic demand. Whoever makes "anti-Communism" a political platform in Chungking or Washington in effect capitulates to Tokyo.

The Bloody Danube

Rioting and murder are no longer news for Rumania. And the only thing that's new about the pogrom against several thousand Jews is that, by way of contrast, at least 10,000 of these unfortunate people were able to escape across the border into Soviet Bessarabia. We don't know all the facts about last week's bloodshed, but it looks like another stage in the consolidation of Nazi control over Rumania. A good part of the Iron Guard, under the leadership of Horia Sima, seems to have broken its coalition with the military dictator, Ion Antonescu, and made a bid for full power. The issue was in real doubt for several days; the Iron Guardists apparently controlled most of the towns except Bucharest. Antonescu hesitated to dislodge them, fearing the unreliability of his own troops. Finally, after discussions with Nazi emissaries, he accepted the Iron Guard challenge, and after several days of bloody battles, he won. Somehow, the whole business reminds us of the June 30, 1934, "purge"

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in Germany, especially after Antonescu offered his opponents the choice of suicide or death by the firing squad.

The Iron Guardists were, of course, as reactionary a crew as you could find. But their opposition to Antonescu's policies must have reflected a more general and more popular antipathy to the Nazi overlordship. It is a resentment which dates back to mid-summer when Hitler restored Transylvania to Hungary and southern Dobrudja to Bulgaria at Rumania's expense. When German troops arrived to patrol the oil fields and reorganize the army, the Iron Guardists felt themselves getting crowded out of the picture.

Libya Debacle

THE British conquest of Tobruk, one of the main Mediterranean outlets of the Italian colony, Libya, is a logical consequence to the fall of Sidi Barrani some weeks back. Within two months, Italian forces have been cleared out of Egypt; the initiative now lies very much with the British and the fighting has shifted almost to the gates of Benghazi, which is Mussolini's main African base. One hundred and ten thousand troops, one-third of the Italian army in north Africa, have been captured, plus large amounts of equipment. And with at least a third of Mussolini's armed forces tied down in Albania, it is obvious that Italy is fighting for her position as a great power. The mere fact that British forces are simultaneously penetrating Ethiopia from the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and moving toward Eritrea, on the Red Sea, is dramatic proof of how things have changed within six months. Only last summer, it will be remembered, the British were forced to yield Somaliland to the Italians.

The crisis in Libya will have particular repercussions at home. A good deal of fascist money was invested in the colonization of this region; it was one of Mussolini's vaunted boasts for which the people of Italy paid heavily by innumerable privations. It was in Libya also, back in the middle twenties, that Mussolini spent plenty of lives in crushing an Arab rebellion. Now the whole north African empire hangs by a slim thread. Reports of rioting in Milan and Turin have been denied, but unquestionably there will be real trouble in Italy the way things are going. This is definitely one of the things Hitler and Mussolini must have worried about in their meeting ten days ago.

The Axis will counter-attack undoubtedly, as it is already doing in Albania. But thus far only German planes have gone into action. Their assault on British naval vessels is dramatic. It will, however, take real naval support and man-power to break the British control of the eastern Mediterranean. The latest British victories naturally serve to make the Vichy government more reluctant than ever to play ball with Hitler one hundred percent. But the same victories will impel Hitler to insist upon the cooperation of the French colonial empire and the French navy.

A Leaf from Hitler

THE British are quite crafty when it comes to timing their publicity. Hardly a day passes when some Cabinet minister is not asking for more ships and guns and planes, as though fearful that Mr. Roosevelt were not doing his very best. Churchill never misses a cue: his speeches are always timed to influence American opinion at the strategic moment. And Lord Halifax, that chilly article, was rushed across on a battleship in time for the "lease-lend" debate.

But in the case of the London *Daily Worker,* something went wrong. Only a few days before that gallant newspaper was suppressed, together with Claude Cockburn's brilliant newsletter *The Week,* the pro-British press in this country had been criticizing the London People's Convention along these lines: "What's the talk of no-democracy in Britain, why look at the *Daily Worker,* it's still permitted to publish." The ineffable Harold Laski made the same point in a letter to the New York *Times* on January 19; alas, poor Harold, only two days later, the *Daily Worker* was suppressed!

We do not mean to be funny about it, for this is a serious blow to the British people. Yet it does expose, in its way, the poppycock about British democracy. It shows that the People's Convention has gotten the British ruling class in something of a funk. In their expert, if jaundiced, eyes the British working men and women are obviously stirring. The resentment against the war and all of its hypocrisies, all the hardships which it has brought to the people is bubbling up from below. The People's Convention could not be laughed off. And so the British ruling class is impelled to drop the mask. It passes from a policy of deception to a policy of force. It begins by suppressing the daily newspaper of the Communist Party, whose circulation had boomed as thousands of Englishmen began to recognize it as the uncompromising champion of their desires. Alongside of *Die Rote Fahne* and *L'Humanite,* the newspapers of the German and French workingclass, the London *Daily Worker* takes its place. Like them, it continues to circulate illegally. And like theirs, its message is a power that transcends the law.

The crime of suppression was all the more horrible because it was done by a leader of the Labor Party, Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Home Security. But this is not the only service which the Socialist leadership is rendering the British ruling class. Consider, for example, the invocation of emergency powers which will enable the Minister of Labor, Ernest Bevin to conscript labor. Here again, we have the grim jest of the Tories: they have seen to it that the conscription of labor, against which Mr. Bevin protested eight months before the war broke out, is now undertaken by Bevin himself, who is not only their Minister of Labor but a powerful leader of the Transport and General Workers Union.

The truth is that by the new measure, Bevin is destroying what it took two generations of the Labor movement to build. To conscript labor means to move it around from place to place at the government's will, irrespective of trade union rights. The government labor exchange, as in Germany, replaces the trade union hiring hall. Government rates, decreed by arbitration tribunals, replace trade union rates. By this new measure, Bevin intends to handle any group of workers that defies his policies—sending delegates to a People's Convention for example.

All of this takes place under the fiction that the war has somehow altered the basic relations between the worker and the employer. This is the characteristic fiction which the Social Democrats, in England as in our country, seek to spread. The class realities that govern the relations between the worker and the employer are concealed in a fictitious national unity. What the employers could not do with labor in peacetime, the government does with labor in wartime.

Despite all the talk that social distinctions have disappeared in the bombings, a few simple facts cannot be denied: the working man gets bombed out of his home, the fruit of his life's savings. He and his famliy are forced to live in wretched shelters, subject to cold and disease. His cost of living rises, rationing becomes more severe. If he is mobilized, his wife must live on pitiful allowances; if he remains at work he cannot strike, and Bevin now robs him of his trade union rights. If he gets wise and begins to read the *Daily Worker,* Mr. Morrison steps in to keep that paper from publishing. But when the wealthy are bombed, they are safe in their shelters below, or else they will be found in their country homes. They continue to buy what they please, for their incomes, despite the excess profits tax, are more than ample. They need not worry over rations and they can always draw on a bank balance to build themselves a new house. At any time, the government may call upon them to serve on some commission that controls the workers' lives. This is the reality of British life, and the right to elect men to Parliament doesn't change that reality one whit. The last Parliament was elected in November 1935, on the wave of a movement for collective security; the general election due last November has been postponed indefinitely; in the localities, the Labor Party and the Tories have agreed to avoid contests—what then becomes of the democratic process?

The truth is that the differences, even in outward form, between German and British imperialism are fast disappearing. Fascism reveals itself not as a system peculiar to Germany, but inherent in the development of imperialism everywhere. The real problem before the British people, and the only cause worth fighting for, is how to *regain* democracy—not merely the form—but the *living essence of democracy in everyday life.*

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Readers' Forum

China's Traitors

TO NEW MASSES: In last week's issue of the NEW MASSES appears Mao Tse-tung's eloquent speech on the state of affairs in China a number of months ago. Despite the fact that his speech was delivered at a time when there appeared to be serious differences between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party of China, differences which many thought would cause an irreparable break in the United Front, Mao expressed confidence in the ability of the Chinese people to maintain unity and continue in their task of defeating the enemy aggressor nation. Mao's confidence was vindicated when last July, shortly after this speech, the differences between the two chief parties in China were ironed out and an agreement reached, to the relief and satisfaction of the vast majority of the Chinese people, as well as of the millions of friends of China throughout the world. That agreement was described and commented upon by the NEW MASSES at the time.

What Mao Tse-tung said in this speech is as true today as it was then, but as a result of their continued activities, the elements within the Kuomintang which he described as "obstinate" can today be more accurately described as unprincipled reactionaries and traitors who are endeavoring to foment a national crisis in order to profit from it. These elements are willing to sacrifice the interest of every class in Chinese society, from the honest large bourgeoisie to the poorest peasant, for their own personal aggrandizement. And the means with which they seek to carry out their nefarious schemes are maneuvers designed to destroy the United Front and hand over the Chinese people as slaves to Japan.

The pro-fascist, pro-capitulation group became so open in their plans that early in November they were responsible for the issuance of a government order to the New Fourth Army, which for three years has maintained an important guerrilla base south of the Yangtse River near Nanking in territory recaptured from the Japanese, to leave this area and move north of the Yellow River. At the same time, the Northwest Border region, the base of the Eighth Route Army, was surrounded by strong forces of Central Government troops and there was a general tightening of the blockade against the border governments and guerrilla bases in North China, despite their spectacular achievements against vastly superior enemy forces. A few days ago, these maneuvers were followed up by the imprisonment of General Yeh Ting, the leader of the New Fourth Army. These events are a definite indication that the pro-capitulation group in Chungking is gaining power and is planning to replace the anti-Japanese war with a civil war, a result which would spell defeat for China as a nation and for the aspirations of every class within Chinese society except the traitors.

What is it that in the past half year has made the situation in China so favorable for the activities of these reactionary elements? First and foremost has been the rapid deterioration in the country's economy. The failure of the Central Government to institute and maintain full government control of production, foreign trade, finances, etc., has given the unscrupulous an opportunity to hoard, speculate, and maneuver with food crops and other vital commodities. Unnecessary inflation, skyrocketing of the cost of living, hoarding which produced frequent shortages of food despite bumper crops, have all been factors which tended to demoralize the people and set the stage for a philosophy of defeatism.

Another factor was the very meager aid which the United States and Britain have given China while at the same time these two countries continued to supply Japan with the bulk of the materials she requires to carry on her extensive war of aggression. This has made it easy for the pro-capitulation group to ridicule those large sections of the Chinese people which had been patiently waiting for aid from the United States and Britain. Even the strongly pro-American and pro-British Chinese bourgeoisie, who had been confident that at the last minute these two countries would come to China's aid to prevent her from falling into the hands of fascist Japan, were confused and disheartened. China's darkest hour came during the three-month period when the Burma Road was closed. It was during this period that the pro-capitulation group gained not only more power but a certain amount of prestige and was able to build up the beginnings of a defeatist atmosphere.

Taking advantage of this situation, the pro-capitulation elements were instrumental in having the Central Government order the expulsion of the New Fourth Army from its Yangtse base, which to this very day it has been able to hold against repeated Japanese attacks. These ultra reactionaries have attempted to make it seem that the New Fourth Army is guilty of disobeying military orders. But the issue involved is not merely a matter of a simple shifting of certain armed forces from one area of operations to another. If it were only that, there would be no occasion for any friction or protest. The real truth of the matter is that the pro-capitulation group cannot tolerate the existence of this popular army in the Yangtse Valley at a time when they are planning to come to terms with Japan. They are well aware that such peace talk would arouse instantaneous mass resentment. This resentment could be organized and led by the New Fourth Army. Therefore this army had to be got out of the way. The question of whether the New Fourth Army shall remain where it is or move to another area is therefore not a matter of military routine, but a question of capitulating or not capitulating to Japan.

That this is indeed the real issue was evidenced by the fact that the American, British, and Soviet Ambassadors to Chungking hurriedly warned the Central Government that the situation created by the pro-capitulation group was dangerous for China's cause. It is now known that the recent American and British loans to China were hastily made to meet a desperate situation, and that these loans temporarily forestalled the activities of the pro-capitulation group. For even though American big business interests have been and are torn between their desire to aid China to resist Japan and their erroneous fear that such aid will encourage the growth of Communism, they nevertheless are not willing today to permit China to be swallowed up by Japan. China is too valuable an instrument in obstructing Japan's southward expansion.

The situation in China is extremely critical. A political crisis of vast proportions is developing. It is imperative at this time that the American government make good on all the promises it has given to China. The United States must give immediate, direct, and extensive aid to China to bolster her weakened economic structure and to take away from the pro-capitulation group one of the strong points in their case for surrender to Japan. In addition, all aid to Japan must cease. The United States must not permit to become widespread in China the bitter disappointment with American and British policy which Madame Chiang Kai-shek expressed so vividly in her recent article in *Liberty* magazine.

More than guns, ammunition, money, food, etc., unity among all people and all classes has thus far preserved China as a nation. It is a continuance of this unity, her chief weapon, which China needs most. The greatest service which the American government can render the Chinese people is to use its economic power and its influence to help China preserve that unity, avoid civil war, and continue her successful resistance to Japan. It is the duty of every friend of China in this country and throughout the world to undertake at once to urge his government to do everything possible to prevent the threatened political crisis in China from developing into an internecine war which can have but one conclusion—China's defeat as a nation and her enslavement to Japan's military fascist regime.

PHILIP J. JAFFE.

More, More

TO NEW MASSES: Some baker's dozen of us looked up from week-end indoor sports on Sunday afternoon to listen to a reading of your editorial on HR 1776 and to Joseph Starobin's piece on the same subject. Unanimously we agreed that we ought to do something about it and the result was telegrams signed by all of us to sundry congressmen, senators, and the President, urging them to vote NO.

Thought you'd like to know how influential you are.

Darien, Conn. H. H. L.

Freedom of Conscience?

TO NEW MASSES: I happened on a story in the January 20 issue of the Boston *Globe* which leaves no doubt in my mind that the draft is being employed to destroy the American citizen's constitutional right to worship God or not to worship God according to his conscience. Nat A. Barrows wrote the *Globe* piece from Camp Hulen, in Texas. It is composed in a gently humorous vein, but as these extracts show, it proves that the army is seeking to impose compulsory attendance at religious services upon recruits:

"In the 211th (Coast Artillery) church attendance is compulsory, at either the Catholic services in the large circus tent or at the Protestant services in one of the regimental buildings. This regulation today brought a group of the Selective Service men into their first encounter with punishment duty. Capt. Oscar C. Bohlin . . . and his battalion leaders, Lieuts. Murray MacLeod and Thomas L. Tempest, had explained to the

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men that church services were compulsory but about fifteen of the men remained in duty tents when the non-coms blew their whistles for battery street formation. They did not attend their services and later the officers agreed that some action should be taken, more as an object lesson than as a desire to subject the men to extra duties.

". . . It was the first time since they arrived here that anybody had taken the slightest disciplinary action of any kind. . . . Lieut. MacLeod addressed the men first, forcing himself to be severe . . . as the erring selectees stood at attention: 'I leave it to the first sergeant to hand out the proper discipline.'

"Sergeant Thomas K. Bradford of Brookline took over. . . . He studied the line, wondering what punishment duty would be fitting for the occasion. 'Put that hand down,' he shouted as one rookie soldier scratched his chin. The others looked startled. Bradford called three names. . . . 'You—and you—and you, get into your blue denims and go to the shower rooms. You'll find buckets and brushes there. Get down on your knees and give the floors a good scrubbing.' He picked out four men, studied them fixedly for half a minute. 'Report to the kitchen for duty.' A dozen others were left. 'Change your clothes and report back here in ten minutes.'"

What happened to the "dozen others" I don't know, as the story stopped there. But this action is a scandalous violation of constitutional rights. It is an ominous trend away from the separation of church and state which is part of our democratic tradition. Not only does it affect the nonbeliever, but it forces men of different sects, Jews, Christian Scientists, etc., to attend one of two services to which they may not conform. In my opinion, the captains and lieutenants who perpetrated this outrage should hear from their superiors —the people.

Boston, Mass. JOHN J. MCAFEE.

Odyssey of a Banker

TO NEW MASSES: I may be late in sending this letter but after reading Ruth McKenney's column dealing with books which have influenced her, I sat for a long time and mused while the fire burned.

Like her, I was an omnivorous reader. By the time I was fifteen, in addition to reading all the dime novels I could lay hands on, I had read much of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Twain, Fenimore Cooper, and Stevenson, and I had also read *Les Miserables*.

But the upshot of my thinking was that I could recall only two books which have definitely and decisively affected my thinking. They are *The Federal Statistics of Income for 1928* and the companion volume for 1929. Here's how come.

At that time I was a director in two banks. They were old and solid banks. Like many other communities, and indirectly like the nation as a whole, our economy rests on agriculture. The farmers were the banks' best customers and they were a fine lot of men.

The bottom fell out of farming in 1922. Wheat that was worth $2.50 in the fall of 1921 sold for 80 cents in the summer of 1922 and for 25 cents in 1932. Looking through the note pouches at the monthly meetings, I could see that the farmers were going broke. The merchants who depended on them were going broke and the banks were going broke. There was nothing I could do about it. But since there was an enormous boom on, I determined to find out who was getting the money, if I could.

After writing several professors of economics and getting foolish replies, I realized that if I was ever going to know the answer I would have to work it out for myself. After casting about for material that would be manageable for me, since I am neither a statistician nor an economist, I wrote to the Treasury Department for all the available data on incomes.

They had a lot of it, and I set about analyzing and interpreting it. I spent the whole year of 1929 in this work, and my conclusion was so appalling that I laid aside the work until the 1929 returns should be available early in 1930. These returns fully confirmed the conclusion which I had already drawn. Behind the facade of a boom there was not only a community in ruins but a world in ruins.

I wrote up my conclusions and tried to get them published, but that was the time of prosperity just around the corner, and nobody would look at the stuff. So I published it privately. That experience transformed my whole way of thinking and started me on an adventure in search of understanding which has lasted until this day and will last the rest of my life.

Lewiston, Idaho. EUGENE A. COX.

Progress

TO NEW MASSES: The recent convention of the American Historical Association was characterized by some features that may interest your readers.

First of all, there were panels on "The Negro in the History of the United States," "Some Aspects of the History of Women," and "Class Forces in American History." While the attendance and discussion at these panels was not in all cases equal to that drawn by those of a more traditional cast, the very fact of their existence marked real progress. It may be measured by the irritation of certain "great" names who provide the kind of historical enlightenment purveyed by the *Times Sunday Book Review*—such gentlemen insinuating that the Association was demeaning itself.

Secondly, an unusually large number of papers was presented by the younger generation of more or less unknown scholars. And in connection with this feature it might be mentioned that there were panels on student problems and the pedagogy of history as well.

This progress may be traced in part to the fact that the program committee was elected prior to the outbreak of the war. Far more important, however, was the rising influence of the working class. And the proof of the pudding is that the discussion—especially that from the floor, showed a strong current of progressivism not deflected by the war. The atmosphere was in many instances quite favorable to the presentation of Marxist ideas. That they are not yet clearly understood by many historians who ought to understand them (apart from agreeing with them) is due in good part to our backwardness in "diffusing the knowledge" that lies in historical materialism. That goal would more easily be reached, by the way, if Marxist scholars took more trouble than they did on this occasion to attend such conventions.

STANLEY ARCHER.

New York City.

Sacrifice a la Hillman

TO NEW MASSES: We here in Cincinnati have a particular interest in the shroud-tailoring operations of Mr. Sidney Hillman and the other gauleiters of the Amalgamated's general executive board. After all, it was here that the ACW made its early steps in large scale financing of wage cuts and efficient planning of speed-up in the famous "Golden Rule" Nash agreement.

And, therefore, I would like to add a few pertinent facts, even at this terribly late date, to the excellent job done by Bruce Minton in NEW MASSES of November 19.

I think that we sometimes find it so interesting to hold up in the light of day the machinations of the social-democrats that we tend to under-emphasize the very real and direct economic service which they render to employers. These "labor leaders" have gained their high and trusted positions among the bourgeoisie by proving that they can deliver the goods in the form of dollars and cents lopped off the payrolls of the needle trades workers. It is no wonder that they find it so easy to talk about sacrifices today; the workers in "their" shops have had these "sacrifices" forced down their throats for years.

To fully appreciate what Messrs. Hillman, Dubinsky, etc., mean by "sacrifices" on the part of the workers, we can look at some very interesting figures from the July 1940 Report on Employment and Pay Rolls by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the US Department of Labor. It should be borne in mind that these figures are not necessarily reliable in giving absolute values of pay rolls since they include administrative and supervisory personnel as well as the actual workers in a given industry. However, since we can assume that the padding is more or less uniform, they do give a pretty good picture of the relative pay roll figures.

Here are the figures:

Hourly rate	Hours per week	Weekly pay
Women's Clothing		
52 cents	31.6 hours	$17.27
Men's Clothing		
59.8	32.2	19.35
Aircraft		
73.2	42	30.48
Auto		
94.9	34.1	32.14
All Manufacturing Industries		
66.7	37.3	25.25

The first thing that strikes one in examining the list of close to 100 manufacturing industries from which the above facts are picked, is that the needle trades are among the lowest paid industries in America. The traditionally organized needle trades, where an open shop is the exception, pay less than average shops in any one of a score of industries that have hardly heard of organization.

Even aircraft, where union organization is today only beginning to get a solid foothold, looks like a bonanza compared to the backyards of Sidney Hillman and Dave Dubinsky. In passing, it is also interesting to note what militant unionism has meant to the auto workers who are getting over a dollar and a half more a week for eight hours' less work than their brothers in the closely allied aircraft plants.

It is when we look at these figures and understand the trend which they so unmistakably mark that we see clearly forecast the doom of Social Democratism in the labor movement. For they may be able to fool, bamboozle, and browbeat a majority of the needle trades workers today, but they can't dodge the basic bread and butter questions forever. Here is the handwriting on the wall whose imprint on the lives of the workers is only made more indelible by each new sell-out which Hillman maneuvers.

Cincinnati, O. DAVE LEVISON.

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James Joyce

In his nihilism, the Irish novelist summed up the failure of a society which frustrated his own talents. A note on his contribution and limitation as an artist.

ACCORDING to James Joyce's biographer, Herbert Gorman, the author of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* never read anything by Karl Marx except the first sentence of *Das Kapital,* "and he found it so absurd that he immediately returned the book to the lender." Whatever the accuracy of this report, it is at least characteristic. It illustrates, for one thing, Joyce's arrogance, that intemperate and almost theatrical assertion of superiority which was reflected in his remark to Yeats, on their first meeting: "We have met too late; you are too old to be influenced by me." It illustrates too that self-conscious disdain for politics, growing out of his early disillusionment with Irish Nationalism and Roman Catholicism, which led McCann, in the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* to tell Stephen Dedalus (i.e., Joyce): "Dedalus, you're an anti-social being, wrapped up in yourself." But most important of all, it indicates the ironic contradiction in which Joyce was caught and which goes so far toward explaining his complex career as an artist: the contradiction, namely, between his persistent desire to write a comprehensive epic of the modern world and his persistent failure to grow beyond the philosophical systems of Aristotle, Aquinas, and Vico.

THE "MODERN"

Reviewing the life and work of James Joyce, one comes suddenly upon an unexpected and overwhelming doubt. How singularly lacking in modernity is this most celebrated of Moderns! The narrow Jesuits at Clongowes Wood College, the shabby genteel bourgeoisie of Dublin, the Victorian prudes of London, and the stylized rebels of the Parisian left bank—did they not triumph, in a sense, despite their pedantry, philistinism, complacency, and pseudo-emancipation, all of which, in turn, Joyce abominated? At the end of the autobiographical *Portrait,* Stephen Dedalus renounces the smugness, hypocrisy, and treachery which he had found in Dublin: "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use, silence, exile and cunning." He resolves "to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." But in *Ulysses,* the insurgent soul wanders restless, guilt-laden, a contemporary Telemachus in search of his spiritual father, who turns out to be—Leopold Bloom, archetype of bourgeois philistinism, decaying driftwood of a culture in shipwreck. And the dream-protagonist of *Finnegans Wake,* H. C. Earwicker (Here Comes Everybody . . . Haveth Childers Everywhere) does not create the conscience of his race but chronicles its abysmal decline. There is no thrust into the creative future, the thrust which, truly feared by Jesuits and philistines alike, provides the essential impulse of the genuine epic of modern life. There is only the bleak and banal vision—the infinitely elaborated last-second revelation—of the drowning man whose world has been one vast regret, without order, without mission, without hope.

Does not the nihilism of James Joyce, does not his patiently orchestrated bitterness and frustration, express the mood and values of a society which, on one level, he could hate with the fierce vigor of a Swift or Juvenal, but which at the same time corrupted his own understanding? From Giambattista Vico's philosophy of history, as embodied in the *Scienza Nuova,* Joyce borrowed a theory that societies rotate in fixed and similar cycles culminating in the interdestruction of nations and a mystical resurrection from the ashes. Refusing to read beyond the first sentence of Marx's scientific analysis of history and modern society, Joyce could find solace in the symbols of scholasticism and in poetically inspired Renaissance myth-makers. Joyce worked feverishly to create a work of art which would give a wholeness to the shattered fragments of existence; but not even his extraordinary creative talents could build an indestructible unity out of the esthetics of Aquinas, the psychology of Freud, the history of Vico, and the stubborn realities of twentieth century life.

He did succeed, brilliantly, in epitomizing at the point of disintegration the vast failure of a civilization whose vanished splendors afforded a grim contrast to its present catastrophe. *Ulysses* is the anti-*Odyssey*. In Joyce, as in T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and William Butler Yeats, one feels a pathetic and impotent nostalgia. With furious loathing for the encircling world, the creative spirit has turned upon itself with almost masochistic fury. Freshness, freedom, optimism have become mocking illusions. The literary creator has become hopelessly separated from his fellow creators, the masses of producers, plain people. An impasse has been reached. The tension has become unbearable, and only a truly creative society will release the truly creative genius. One cannot help realizing all this, if one reads sensitively Joyce's epics of negation. There is no better assurance that something has gone wrong, deeply and terribly wrong with the world.

During the early twenties, many earnest and gifted writers looked to Joyce as a liberator of modern literature. In Paris, following the first World War, he came to symbolize the revolt against Victorianism, Puritanism, Sentimentalism. What these writers failed to realize was that Joyce more truly represented the culmination of a European literary tradition than the beginning of a new one. For if they had remembered the work of the Symbolists in France, the defeatism of the Formalists in Russia, if they had been acquainted with the novels of Huysmans or Proust, or if they had understood the significance of Dostoievski, they must surely have recognized that Joyce's negation, his aloofness from the masses, his self-annihilating subjectivism brought to a focus the tendencies of an epoch, the epoch of the "superfluous man," of the poet against society, of the "revolutionist of the word." To the unfinished sentence at the end of *Finnegans Wake* one could add: "Beyond this no further." It is in this sense that I would hesitate to describe Joyce as a Modern. With him the old Europe has come to an end; for the generation emerging from this war it is already a historic Europe.

CONTRIBUTION

Nevertheless, there are, in Joyce's masterpieces of finality, resources which may well refresh the work of a new generation of writers. He led the attack against frozen artifices of language, and as a result of his work every writer in English may utilize a freer and more flexible vocabulary. The victory of *Ulysses* in

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the courts earned for other authors the right to treat the human body with the greater frankness which it deserves. Joyce's wit, his unfailing ear for the music and associations of language, his merciless satire of sham-literary styles, and his interesting experiments in the treatment of interior monologue have surely added to the techniques of modern fiction.

It can hardly be denied, however, that Joyce himself carried his technical dexterity to the point where it served to block rather than to heighten communication with the reader. The best passages of *Ulysses* are the least obscure; there are huge chunks of material upon which the reader is stranded. *Finnegans Wake* is incomprehensible, short of years of linguistic training, encyclopedic references to the point of pedantry, and a detailed knowledge of the author's private associations. A glossary of *Finnegans Wake* would be infinitely more difficult, I daresay, than a glossary of the whole body of Shakespeare's plays. In both *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake,* there is a multiple system of symbols and allegories which too often reduce the composition to an elaborate underground network with several layers of trains running in different directions, jumping tracks, connecting with one another sometimes with miraculous ease and more often with tremendous and bewildering crashes. The destination of the trains is by no means always certain. Instead of being liberated, the language has become fettered with a thousand and one many-meaning associations of the subconscious.

Joyce lived in poverty and exile, unable for years to get his work published, and then only by small private printers at some sacrifice. In his own life, he illustrated the alienation of the artist from bourgeois society, which was one of the central themes of his work. He died in Zurich on January 13. He would have been 59 years old on February 2. His passing from the literary scene suggests the passing of a whole epoch of literature, the most gifted creators of which will be of interest long after the society which twisted their talents has disappeared. The genius of James Joyce summed up bourgeois literature of the period of imperialism; it was a mirror, however fragmentary, of that period; and it was a brilliant witness of the incompatibility between a society organized on the profit principle and the freely functioning creative talent.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

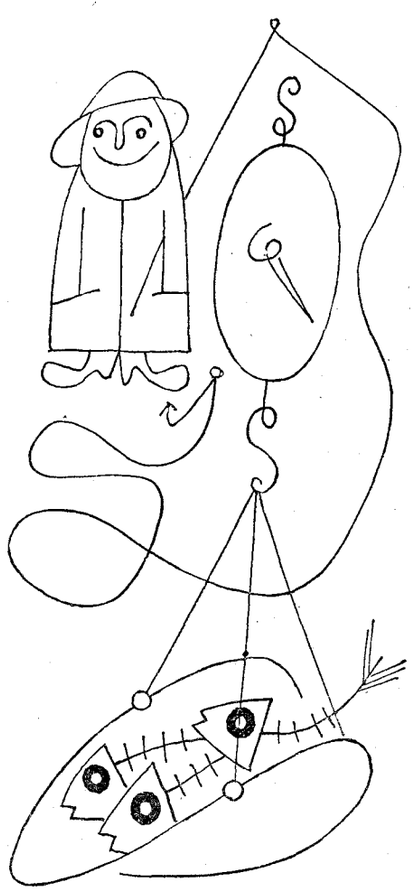
Shallow Family Tale

COUSIN HONORE, *by Storm Jameson. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.*

WE SEEM to live in a period of the most grandiose hypocrisies. All the fund of popular faith and sincerity, all the noble words written across our public buildings are being played to marching tunes. Every renegade from the interests of humanity has become a forger of historical genealogies—either denying (like Kenneth Roberts) the democratic heritage, or as Storm Jameson does, falsely appropriating it. This Englishwoman would discover for us an area of faith in this predatory war, a new age of faith.

Cousin Honore is the senior member of a wealthy Alsatian family whose mingling of French and German loyalties leads to intrigue, spying, even murder. Miss Jameson has said that in this book she was trying "to see in action a group of people, typical of their time . . . during the years when the fate of Europe was being decided." Their lives are brought into focus at four snapshot intervals—a day in December 1918, October–November 1929, March–April 1936, and April to September of the terminal year 1939. It is interesting to note that these isolated moments are caught *between* world happenings which no responsible chronicler could ignore if the time limits of the episodes were extended. In November 1929 Miss Jameson's ruling-class family would have had a bad quarter of an hour over the financial crisis; in June of 1936, the Popular Front victory would have to be reckoned with; and if our author had conducted us further into the cynical early months of the war (those months of which it has been said that France seemed at war with Russia and mildly on the outs with Germany), she would have had to cross out that sententious quotation which flutters upon her last page—"Christendom will come back in the hour of distress."

As it is, she has described her explanation of France's downfall by means of character alone, avoiding the massed impact of events. Let's look at these character symbols. Honore Burckheim is a patriarchal land- and factory-owner, who wastes his fortune upon his vineyards and never sells the wine. One is supposed to conclude that he is the truest patriot of the group, a lover of the soil. The word "peasant" is used repeatedly in reference to him, though no term could apply less to this aristocrat. No really poor peasant, or worker for that matter, is present in the book and it might be suggested that neither the old man nor any of his hangers-on are capable of understanding the real meaning of love of country. They all continually express their creator's tourist infatuation for the landscape of France—nothing of the real patriot's sense of its common people, its great revolutionary past. Honore's step-brother, Hoffmayer, manager of the Burckheim Iron Works, is a pure soul and a scholar (though we are not told what he is like as plant boss). He is one of the good guys—like Honore, full of hatred for the German people—"The last German who was also a human being died more than a hundred years ago."



The character who carries the action in the novel is Ernest Siguenau, a distant cousin who is taken to represent the dangerous potential in pre-war France, the manifestation of today. A born intriguer, he worms his way into the position of heir to the Burckheim fortune, betraying his friends and conniving with fascists. His plots constitute a mania for they multiply beyond his control and trap him. Is this the calculated corruption of politics? Honore's secretary and his grandson by a bastard daughter are also Nazi sympathizers who are linked psychologically to Siguenau by the inner trait of cowardice. Siguenau and Ruess, the secretary, wangled posts behind the line during World War I; the grandson is a hysterical neurotic who trembles at the thought of fighting.

This very special small group is involved in a series of struggles for the family fortune. In the end the stage is cleared and Edward Berthelin, another cousin, a soldier, remains to hand us the propagandistic torch. A consistent and definite point of view has been embodied in this plot. The appeasers are represented as arguing that France is weak. "We have got to make terms with Germany. And in good time. If we wait they will turn on us and crush us—while the English look the other way." It is obvious that it was not mere "fear" of Germany that broke down the effort to maintain French ascendancy on the continent or the cowardice of men like the pro-Nazis in the novel. Uppermost was the fear of the French people and of the revolutionary action that might be a concomitant of war.

What we have here is merely a flimsy family tale rendered all the more formless by its pretense of social explanation and all the more superficial by the shoddy pro-war bias tacked onto it. Unconsciously perhaps, Miss Jameson has written the narrowest type of novel—her real graces of style are able to function only in static descriptive passages while events are viewed in a shallow perspective.

MILLICENT LANG.

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NEXT WEEK IN NEW MASSES

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The Logic of Irrationality

AN INQUIRY INTO MEANING AND TRUTH, *by Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton. $3.50.*

TECHNICALLY, Mr. Russell's book discusses certain problems in epistemology and logic with special emphasis laid upon "linguistic considerations." Russell is settling accounts with the school of logical positivists and is dealing with the theme they have made fashionable: the philosophic significance of language. In the final reckoning, to make a long story short, he finds himself closer to this school than "to any other existing," but at the same time has certain differences, which he explains in detail, with Neurath, Carnap, and others. All this will be viewed as very significant in itself, without relation to anything else, by the world of academic philosophers. Within this peculiar half-Pickwickian circle, inhabited by amiable people with an overdeveloped capacity for abstract thinking and concrete confusion, logical positivism is the most widely discussed school of contemporary philosophy.

To those familiar with the philosophic side of Marxism it is interesting to note that the logical positivists constitute a school whose roots are in the work of men like Mach and Avenarius, in the trend of thought against which Lenin wrote his chief philosophical work, *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism.* It is further significant to observe that in that day (as in this) certain "would-be Marxists" showed a strong tendency to adopt this philosophy, arguing that it was really compatible with Marx's dialectical materialism. Lenin's thesis was that the truth was diametrically opposite, that this philosophy was basically alien to Marxism, and was, in fact, simply the subjective idealism of Bishop Berkeley (only ideas exist) and the scepticism of David Hume (neither mind nor matter exists) with a veneer of mathematical formulation and symbolism to bring it up to date. Then, as later, this thesis was loudly denied. Here, however, we have confirmation from no less an authority and bitter anti-Marxist than Bertrand Russell, who asserts in so many words that if the logical positivists were logical enough they would see that their position should be carried to Berkeley's conclusion. He can acknowledge basic sympathy with their method, and at the same time attach "more importance than they do to the work of Berkeley and Hume."

Ever since the days of his youth Russell has been having a barren affair with the solipsistic doctrine that nothing exists except himself, his own momentary sensations. In the preface to his *Selected Papers* (1927) he tells us that "At the age of fifteen (1887) I recorded in my diary that no fact seemed indubitable except consciousness. (Now I no longer make this exception.)" Probably it was in an elaborate fit of realistic insanity that he addressed this preface to the reader for, according to his own account, he placed himself in the position of taking all this trouble to convince a non-existent entity that it is non-existent. If he really believed his own thesis, would he write the book? On page 403 of the present work he says he still believes things are a "delusion," but adds that there is a sense in which he believes in the existence of events. While there is some progress in this, it is not very much to show for fourteen years, and the rate is too slow to offer any great promise. Bertrand Russell will probably never catch up with the real world.

Under these circumstances it is very curious to find him growing somewhat indignant with the logical positivists on the ground that they desert common sense. He reads them little admonitory lectures: "The purpose of words, though philosophers seem to forget this simple fact, is to deal with matters other than words." Again: "The verbalist theories of some modern philosophers forget the homely, practical purposes of everyday words, and lose themselves in a neo-neo-Platonic mysticism." The Mad Hatter, as he stuffs the Dormouse into the teapot, reprimands the March Hare for eccentricity at the tea table. Russell even goes so far as to invoke Heraclitus, the dialectician, against Carnap: "You cannot step twice into the same river because fresh waters are continually flowing in upon you; but the difference between a river and a table is only a matter of degree. Carnap might admit that a river is not a 'thing,' but the same arguments should convince him that a table is not a 'thing.'" (p. 396.) And the same arguments should convince Russell that the general law of identity in its traditional, non-dialectical form (A is A and cannot be non-A) is an over-simplification. When Russell wishes to refute Carnap, he sees the point of the dialectical argument that whatever exists is always in process of change, and what *always* changes is managing to be both A and non-A *every* instant. But Russell never admits this dialectical principle in his own theory of logic, which is constructed, in all essential respects, as if Marx, Hegel, or even Heraclitus had never written a line.

All his doubts about the world's objective existence do not, of course, prevent Russell from having a social philosophy, and it is of just the sort one might expect, a naive mixture of anarchistic and socialistic elements, and a narrow fear of power as such. He is at his best in exposing the inhumanity of conventional morality. It was thought, during the last war, when he courageously defied his government and saw the inside of a British jail, that he might leave the ways of idealistic metaphysics and come closer to an understanding of the realities of this world. But his metaphysics is still as sterile as ever, while his social philosophy has "flowered" into a justification of the present war and bitter hostility to the Soviet Union.

One cannot refrain from mentioning, in this connection, that Freda Utley, in her anti-Soviet book, tells how Russell's influence alone prevented her at one time from join-

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ing the Communist Party, narrates the following conversation with Russell. She was convinced, she says in her latest book, that the Soviet Union was all "Stalin's fault, and that if Lenin had lived, or if Trotsky's policy had been followed, all would have been well. Bertie would bang his fist on the table and say, 'No! Freda, can't you understand, even now, that the conditions you describe followed naturally from Lenin's premises and Lenin's acts?'" There is a certain comforting finality about it when the most famous living authority on deduction certifies that Stalin's policies are the necessary logical consequences of Lenin's premises.

JOSEPH GORDON.

Heredity and Politics

RACE: SCIENCE AND POLITICS, *by Ruth Benedict. Modern Age Books. $2.50.*

A POPULAR book has long been necessary to give correct perspectives on the Nazi racialist theories that have brought tragedy to millions in Europe, and which are now being overtly introduced into this country. The volume under review, by Dr. Ruth Benedict, Associate Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University, fulfills this need admirably. It is scholarly without being pedantic; its style is always animated and in parts engrossing. Each chapter is supplemented by decidedly relevant quotations from other authorities, which point up the theoretical findings of the author.

Dr. Benedict correctly distinguishes between race and racism. Race is the subject matter for scientific disciplines, the field for studying special problems of genetic relationships of human groups that can be investigated by experts who can arrive at authoritative judgments. She gives a spirited review of the findings of these experts. The chapter headings of this part of the book aptly indicate their interesting content: "Race: What It Is Not"; "Man's Effort to Classify Himself"; "Migration and the Mingling of Peoples"; "What Is Hereditary?", and "Who Is Superior?"

Racism, on the other hand, is not science but dogma. As the author puts it: "It is essentially a pretentious way of saying that 'I' belong to the Best People." It is the formula of "I belong to the Elect" used for political ends. As she contends, scientists can disprove, and have disproven, all of the facts upon which this travesty is based and still leave the belief untouched. Her discussion of the historical background of these superiority myths is discerning and is etched with deep human sympathy. She concludes that "Racism is an *ism* to which everyone in the world today is exposed: for or against we must take sides." This book will help many to take the correct side.

KENNETH MCDERMOTT.

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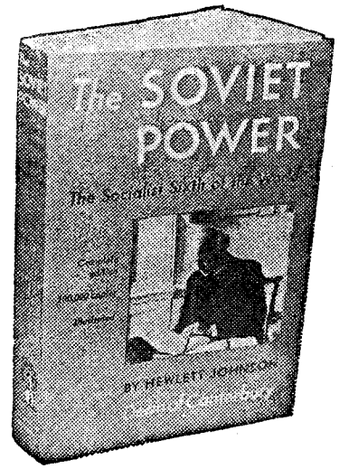

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S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

Orson Welles and Citizen Kane

The devious Mr. Hearst tries to suppress a movie. Syndicated gossip-mongering and continental wire-pulling. RKO fiddles while San Simeon burns....Gertrude Lawrence without light.

Hollywood.

UNTIL quite recently, a lot of people in Hollywood thought that Orson Welles was just a great big beautiful publicity stunt. They knew that a young boy, five or six years old, had come from the planet Mars to Vine Street in the summer of 1939 and was given a contract at RKO studios to make three pictures. They heard vaguely that he was about to make the first picture, and then something happened to the story. They heard that he got another story, and then something happened to it. They heard that he conjured up still another story, and this one he was really making into a picture. He grew a beard and shaved it off and broke his ankle and had a radio program sponsored by soup. It was all rather fantastic and other-worldly. And then, early this year, Mr. Orson Welles and Mr. William Randolph Hearst collided head-on and everyone suddenly discovered that it was all very real.

Mr. Welles had, after a year and a half, finally completed a picture called *Citizen Kane* and simultaneously the Hearst publications banned all publicity from RKO. Hollywood's elves and sprites remembered a piece in *Variety* six months ago that claimed that Welles' picture was based on the rise and degeneration of Hearst, but nothing more authoritative was known. The completed film had been shown to a select few who didn't do much talking. Everybody waited with varied degrees of impatience for the release date, which was announced as February fifteenth.

We fade to a telephone call, made on a rainy California night from Miss Hedda Hopper to Mr. Hearst. She tells him that the picture is really about him and that it tears him, with scientific and esthetic precision, into a thousand sociological and psychological shreds. Furthermore, Citizen Kane dies, a broken and beaten man.

This telephone call—as Miss Hopper undoubtedly calculated—made Mr. Hearst hit the ceiling with a vehemence any stunt man could envy. He gathered himself together after the initial explosion and got hold of Miss Louella Parsons, his Ambassador to Hollywood and Miss Hopper's greatest rival at syndicated gossip-mongering. After wiping up the floor with her, Hearst ordered Miss Parsons to lay the groundwork for an attack. No one was going to portray him with such disrespect, and no one was going to dare show Mr. Hearst dying. Death is verboten in San Simeon.

The next day Miss Parsons, flanked by Hearst legal counsel, stomped into a projection room and saw *Citizen Kane*. Mr. Welles sat with her, but neither spoke. When the picture was over, she stomped out and the battle was on. A color photograph of Ginger Rogers was pulled out of the magazine section of Mr. Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner* and the Hearst press throughout the nation received strict orders to ban all RKO publicity. In New York Mr. George Schaefer, president of RKO, received a telephone call from Miss Parsons asking him not to release the picture if he didn't want a peck of trouble from Hearst. But Schaefer was in one of those peculiar positions that compelled him to announce that *Citizen Kane* would be released as scheduled. He had gone out on the limb in defending Welles against the attacks of his Board of Directors and the petty attempts at sabotage in the studio. And so now he found himself solely responsible for an $800,000 investment. Mr. Schaefer isn't a man to ask for trouble and yet he isn't able to throw away almost a million dollars, which is to say that this was a hell of a fix.

So long as the pressure on him was exerted only by Hearst, however, Schaefer held comparatively firm. He arranged that all plans for exploiting the picture go on as projected and he took great pains to make certain that the issue would remain quiet and isolated. Perhaps it would just dry up and blow away. Perhaps Hearst might do the same. But Mr. Schaefer was fiddling while San Simeon burned. Hearst was in no mood for drying up and blowing away: he was out to see the negative of *Citizen Kane* destroyed and he would pull all the tricks out of his hat to gain this end.

In Hollywood you gradually began to hear the phrase "skeleton in the closet" repeated with increasing frequency. Every producer in town, apparently, has one or more of such skeletons. Mr. Hearst, the sly old fox, knows where all the closets are. Suppose he should say to Louis B. Mayer, "I wouldn't like to publish all I know about you, but I may have to do just that if this picture gets released." Mr. Louis B. Mayer would probably faint. It may seem quite unbelievable, but the rumors say that that's just what he did. Fainted dead away. When he came to and gathered a little strength, he got hold of George Schaefer on the other side of the continent and told him that it would be an unwise thing—and perhaps unpatriotic—to let anyone in the world see *Citizen Kane*. Mr. Jack Warner said the same thing. And so did Mr. David Sarnoff, who is a very big man in the entertainment world; he sits, among other places, on the Board of Directors of RKO; and he too would seem to have a closetful.

Mr. George Schaefer was getting more upset every day. After all, the producers couldn't be disregarded completely: they are important men in an important industry. They like to think that a blow to them is a blow to all Hollywood. Mr. Schaefer's nervousness began to manifest itself in repeated transcontinental calls to Orson Welles. Hold tight, he would say. Yes sir, Orson would reply. I'm going ahead with the advertising campaign, he would say. Great, Orson would reply. You haven't shown anyone the picture, have you? he would ask. Oh no, Orson would reply.

This sort of thing went on and on. Welles himself was in the awkward position of wanting to defend the man who had given him such good treatment, but at the same time wanting to get the picture out to the public. He wasn't allowed to say anything, to make any outspoken stand against Hearst. Schaefer's sad predicament was producing a state of high tension all over town. Welles stoutly maintained that the picture was not about Hearst but about a type of capitalist. Lawyers for both Hearst and RKO declared that there was no basis for any kind of suit whatever.

All of which simply raised Hearst's temperature several degrees more. Then it began to get out that Hearst was concentrating an attack on Nelson Rockefeller. Such an attack, together with the flank movements through the closets, would most certainly raise a stench which could easily be appreciated as

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far up as Mr. Welles's planet Mars. Mr. Nelson Rockefeller has been charged by President Roosevelt with the task of "promoting closer relations and better understanding between the American republics." One phase of this broad program is the responsibility of the movies. John Hay Whitney is working under Rockefeller to coordinate Hollywood's effort. Prominent on the committee that Rockefeller appointed to work with Mr. Whitney are Louis B. Mayer, Harry Warner, and George Schaefer. And so, by this very circuitous attack, Hearst attempted to strengthen his entire campaign.

It can be seen, then, how one man's effort to censor production in Hollywood might be successful. Through an intricate process (referred to by the wise boys as two parts blackmail and one part doddering frenzy), Hearst is in effect trying to prove that *Citizen Kane* is a disruptive force tending to destroy national unity, imperil the defense program, and outrage relations between this country and South America. He also says, incidentally, that he himself is being grossly maligned. All the stops are being pulled out. Even Welles' well-wishers in Hollywood's top jobs and executive offices are saying that Hearst has mapped out a neatly vicious program that can't very easily be disregarded; and although they'd like to see *Citizen Kane* get out to the public, there's really nothing they can do. It would be ridiculous, they say, to raise the question of Hearstian censorship of the movies. For the producers, such a question is purely academic in this instance. As far as they're concerned, a grave mistake has been made and must be corrected.

That mistake was bringing Orson Welles to Hollywood. It was known that Orson Welles had too many ideas of his own; it was known that his sympathies were with the opponents of either alien or native fascism. To bring such a man into a studio and give him a free hand was to court disaster. And if the result has been a picture which displeases Mr. Hearst, it's only what might have been expected. Throw him to the MGM lions. So say the Hearst stooges.

But what of the others—what of the writers and directors and actors, what of the guys on the back lot, what of the millions who make up the movie audience? They certainly can't be satisfied with any dictum of Hearst's, and they most surely resent the suppression of any honest and valuable picture made in Hollywood. The case of Orson Welles and *Citizen Kane* must not be judged by a frightened or conniving Hollywood autocracy but by the people who pay the admissions; not by the Jew-baiting, Red-baiting studio vigilantes but by those who carry the weight of the little golden calf labeled Box Office; not by a bellowing old tyrant but by those ultimately responsible for having made the movies a *mass* entertainment. Theirs, as always, will be the final verdict.

EMIL PRITT.

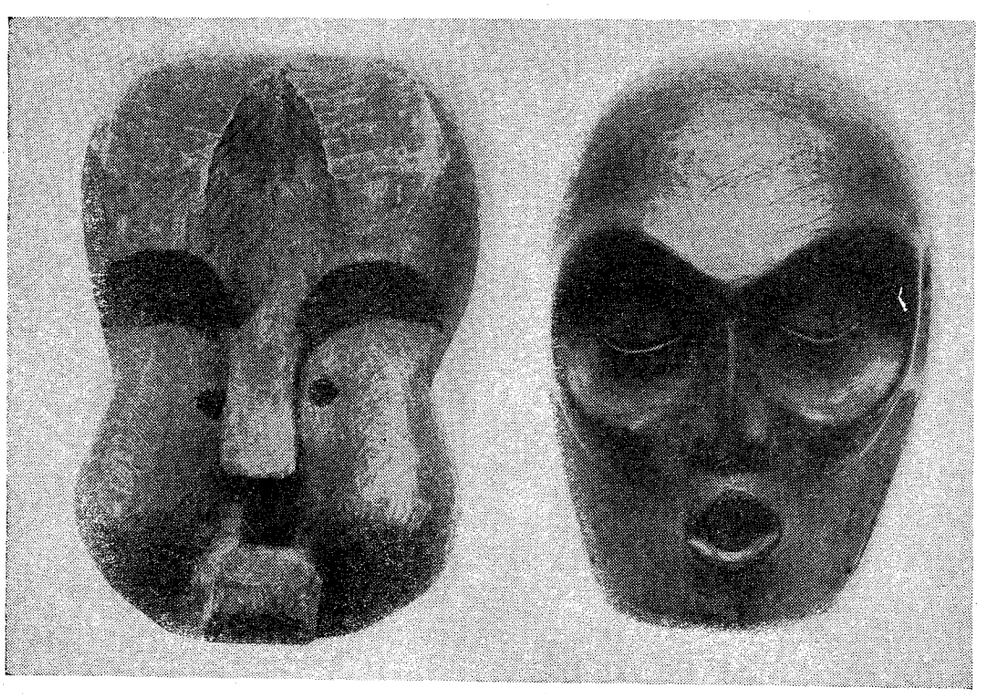
Lady without Light

Revolving stages and Gertrude Lawrence enliven a thin play.

For the physical enjoyment of sheer color, movement and sound, a visit to the Alvin where Moss Hart's *Lady in the Dark* will be playing for some time, will pay heavy dividends on your investment. In a purely theatrical sense, this is a *show,* with the combined attributes of drama (on the thin side), music by Kurt Weill (evocative), dancing by the Albertina Rasch girls, a circus, musical comedy and hippodrome. You will admire the vast ingenuity of our modern theatrical plant in the way of lighting, theatrical design, and movement. The costuming and choreography of dancers, chorus, principals, is elaborate and showy, without being vulgar or ostentatious. Much imagination has gone to work in the production of the various numbers, much talent is in evidence among the principal players, though little of it can be called truly creative.

Mr. Hart has considerable admiration for modern psycho-analysis. He has given us the problem of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, editor of a smart lady's fashion weekly, who is nervous, frustrated, about to go to pieces. He takes her to the analyst, shows him at work upon her aspirations and her dreams, and presents us with a cure, all within the compass of a short week, which is an all-time high in rapid therapeusis. The idea was a good one, but Mr. Hart apparently could not make up his mind whether he was writing a drama, a musical spectacle, or both. For if you are to take the drama seriously (which is difficult in view of the thinness of the conception and the execution), then the spectacle of Miss Lawrence's dreams stands in the way; and if you are to thoroughly enjoy the spectacle, the drama gets in the way. For the dream-sequences which elaborate the origin of the lady editor's conflict with herself—"ugly" child of a beautiful mother, she fears competition with other women on their own terms —provide the opportunity for the enjoyment mentioned in the first paragraph, and they are the real reason for the show.

Lady in the Dark is plainly derivative from the earlier *Beggar on Horseback* of Kaufman and Connelly. It lacks the incisiveness of motivation and the sharpness of satire which that early production so beautifully achieved. It is difficult to take the dilemma of the lady editor seriously—whereas the tribulations of the aspiring composer of the *Beggar* were actually moving. A certain amount of mild



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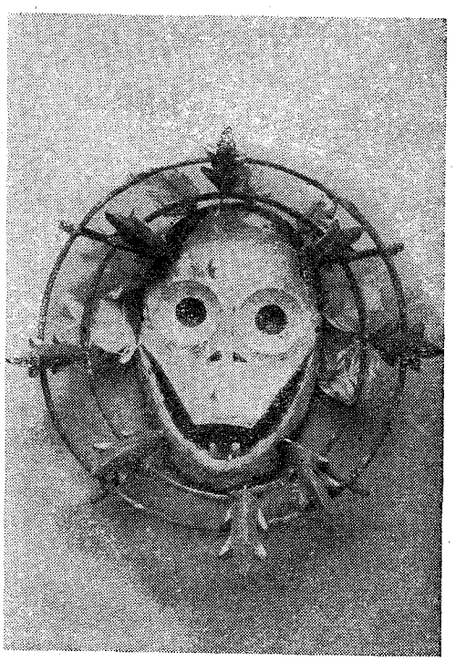

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satire is evident in the *Lady,* in Mr. Hart's treatment of life in the swank offices of luxury magazines that cater to the trade of *haute-couture.* It will hurt no one's feelings. The problem of the lady is seriously, if sentimentally, treated; but it sheds no light upon the valid human problem of a personality in conflict with its environment.

But again—if you can overlook the huge expenditure involved in this unimportant effort—you will enjoy the slick movement of the revolving stages and their sets, the high coloration of the cast, the charm of Mr. Weill's music (which never reaches the heights he attained in *Johnny Johnson*), the imaginative dancing of Miss Rasch's girls, the incisive comedy of Danny Kaye, the range of Gertrude Lawrence's performance. Where her compatriot Beatrice Lillie is an artist, Miss Lawrence is distinctly a performer, but she handles the difficult assignment with charm, vivacity, humor, and some depth. You cannot believe in her as an ugly duckling, but you can enjoy her wit, her beauty, and her versatile handling of the role.

ALVAH BESSIE.

"The Cream in the Well"

THE new Lynn Riggs play may be set down as a bleak failure. In a story of brother-sister incest on an Oklahoma farm early in the century, Mr. Riggs desperately disposed events in an apparent attempt to approximate the logic of Greek drama. The result is illogical and aimless.

But dimly accounted for, the *daemon* that drives Julie Sawters through act upon act of destruction, furnishes drama openly derivative from the more somber plays of the theater's gloomiest tradition. She prevents her brother Clabe's marriage, drives him away, goads a neighbor girl to suicide, marries the widower, drives him to drink, and prepares, on the return of Clabe (whose worldly experience has not escaped the evil stamp of her influence) to drive him away again. Since this solution would destroy him and the parents of the unhappy pair, and since it is all too clear to both Clabe and Julie (after an unbelievably sensible conversation) that things cannot go on as they are, Julie drowns herself. (There is also the matter of winding up the moral that all destruction is self-destruction.)

Complete as is the failure of this play, a nervous thread of vitality runs curiously through the first two acts and prevents the spectator from giving up in despair. For Mr. Riggs writes (for those two acts) as though—if only he could get rid of his story and his theme and be left alone with his characters—he might get somewhere. The theme that is so hard on the audience is equally hard on the author. This would be true, of course, of any theme beyond the talents of a writer. What interests Mr. Riggs is character, and there is evidence, beyond the confusion and artifice of *The Cream in*

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the Well that he knows something about the shaping of frustrated character. That this evidence is well buried beneath the awful weight of his story is undeniable. But the flicker of creative intelligence is not completely absent, and next time Mr. Riggs should let a theme find *him,* instead of deliberately picking a theme because he had to have one.

Honors for direction cannot be listed. Jo Mielziner has carried out what Mr. Riggs probably had in mind in the monotoned parlor and bedroom sets. As Julie, Martha Sleeper struggles uncomfortably with a role that betrays her in the writing. Virginia Campbell relieves the dour atmosphere with a creditable performance as Bina, the less gifted of the Sawters girls. Of the other roles it must be said that the tension into which the action is whipped, against the odds of the story, necessarily defeats the best in acting.

INGRID SVENSON.

The Main Line

Kitty Foyle, Kitty Hepburn, and Philadelphia carry on.

AFTER two recent movies I feel thoroughly acquainted with The Philadelphia Main Line, a relatively narrow sector of American society but one which is adorned with rude, brittle girls like Katharine Hepburn and graceful scamps like Cary Grant. For the time being, I have had enough of the Philadelphia upper class.

In *Kitty Foyle,* made from the best-selling novel by Christopher Morley, the heroine, a working girl, hesitates between living in sin with a Main Liner in Buenos Aires or settling down with a moderately stodgy doctor in New York. This is the kind of problem which agitates the unreal pages of the *Woman's Home Companion,* where every girl has a choice of mates or at least a choice between marriage and a good career, and only man is vile. It will take merely a nodding acquaintance with the Will H. Hays theory of compensating moral values to determine which of her suitors Kitty Foyle makes up her mind to marry.

The Philadelphia Story has more philosophy because it was originally written for the stage by Philip Barry, who is supposed to have given up the use of meat so people would mistake him for George Bernard Shaw. Like all his plays, which reflect the impact of the class struggle on the conversation on country-club terraces, this one makes a feeble attempt to draw its characters from different classes. The heroine has three suitors, an upper-class wastrel like herself, an intellectual magazine reporter, and a self-made businessman who has raised himself by his own efforts from a coal mine to the vice-presidency of a coal company and a promising career in Pennsylvania politics. The dilemma in which the heroine finds her-

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self is complicated by the fact that the three classes from which she must choose her husband are represented by Hollywood leading men whose roles in the past have been entirely interchangeable. Cary Grant has often played a reporter and James Stewart has often played a member of the leisure class, and in an astonishing piece of miscasting, John Howard, who has played both reporters and rich young men, was picked for the part of the successful businessman whom Katharine Hepburn is about to marry as the movie opens. When John Howard, having been successfully discomfited by leisure class cleverness, says angrily, "Your class is on the way out," and stalks off, he is less of a figure in the class struggle than just a young man Katharine Hepburn has decided not to marry.

Kitty Foyle and *The Philadelphia Story* have a lot in common besides their locale. They are both incredibly snobbish, and their characters are a kind of petulant refutation of the preamble to the Declaration of Independence. From *Kitty Foyle* I learn that the most a girl can wish for in life is an invite to the Philadelphia Assembly (which is a dance, not a legislative body). When the Main Liner proposes to her he buys her a roomful of roses and an evening gown, takes her to the Rainbow Room, and when the Rainbow Room closes he hires the orchestra to accompany them home. He spent $500 on that proposal if he spent a penny, and I must say Ginger Rogers didn't turn a hair. She would have gone to Buenos Aires with him if his proposal had been slightly more honorable. The characters are always ordering rare Italian liqueurs and describing each other in sporting terms which come easy only to people who own sailboats. None of them is remotely recognizable as a human being. So much care is expended on external details that the Philadelphia mansions in both pictures look identical and when Kitty Foyle buys a newspaper in 1934 it bears an NRA label, but when she loses her jobs in the depths of the depression she immediately falls into new ones and her bosses are charming and thoughtful. Nevertheless, both pictures are put together with great skill. Ginger Rogers is on the screen almost continuously for two hours, and her performance becomes monotonous only because of the sentimental plot which was imposed upon her. Parts of *The Philadelphia Story* are exceedingly funny. It has the only thoroughly convincing presentation of a mass hangover I ever saw in the movies. There are many good lines, of a type which is characteristic of all Donald Ogden Stewart screen plays. When Kitty Foyle goes to work selling perfume in a Fifth Avenue shop she is surprised to discover that the perfume retails for $67 an ounce. "They certainly get enough for this stuff," she says to another salesgirl. "Take a look at the customers," says the salesgirl. "Don't you think they at least want to smell good?" Donald Ogden Stewart (who worked on both pictures) and Dalton Trumbo

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(who worked on *Kitty Foyle*) deserve better assignments than refurbishing Christopher Morley and Philip Barry.

DANIEL TODD.

Record Reviews

Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Brahms, and others.

The magnificent Beethoven C-Sharp Minor Quartet (M-429, $5.50) leads off the January list of Columbia records. Written during Beethoven's so-called third period, this work presents the composer at the peak of his expressive powers. It also marks one of the final transitions from classicism to romanticism. During the period of Mozart and Beethoven the writing of a string quartet became practically a daily routine—the demands of court life created salon or chamber music suited to court needs. With the disappearance of the court after Beethoven, the string quartet form gradually faded from the picture and since then few string quartets may be classed with Beethoven's. Certainly none has surpassed the strength, directness and originality of the C-Sharp Minor piece. The Budapest String Quartet have done an excellent job of interpretation.

If you like your Tschaikowsky richly spiced you will certainly enjoy Stokowski's rendition of the Pathetique Symphony. (M-432, $6.50.) The American Youth Orchestra with characteristic clarity outlines the structure and the dramatic contrasts of the symphony. Frequently Stokowski's anxiety for effect results in distortions of tempo and phrasing. This is to be regretted because on the whole his remarkable dynamic range, and color nuances, produce a thrilling performance.

Little of Brahms' poetry or splendid construction is captured in the new recording of his Three Piano Rhapsodies (X-183, $2.50). Egon Petri's playing is difficult to comment upon inasmuch as the reproduction of the piano is tinny, distant, and unclear. The combination of Brahms and Petri is customarily unbeatable.

Some single records provide highly entertaining results. The Bartered Bride Overture by Smetana (19003, $.75) and the Barber of Seville Overture of Rossini (70704, $.75) are alike in spirit and vivacity. Both works bear the unmistakable influence of Beethoven, having much the same sparkle, brilliance, and wit.

An important new baritone makes his first appearance for Columbia. Emile Renan, previously heard as a member of the American Ballad Singers, appears as a soloist with a moving interpretation of Deep River (35830, $.75).

LOU COOPER.

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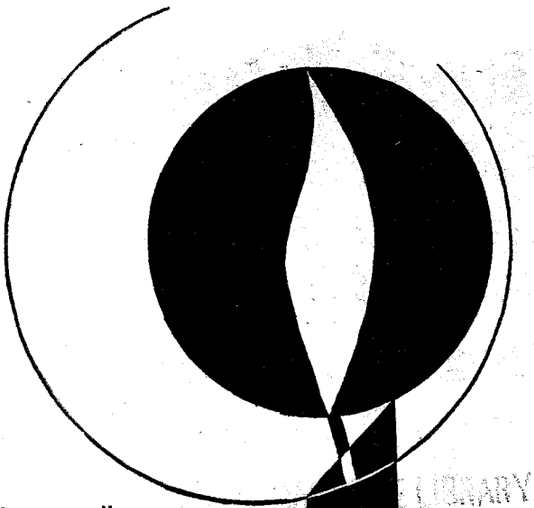

LIGHT A CANDLE...

The guests are arriving and the birthday cake is on the table. Thirty candles are to be lit, one for each year since 1911. We haven't invited everybody to the party, not by any means. War-bent FDR will not be a guest; nor will Archibald MacLeish, or Sidney Hillman, or J. P. Morgan, or Charles Lindbergh, or Lewis Mumford. These gentlemen are too busy putting lights out.

But we invite every person who truly believes in democracy and freedom to celebrate the thirtieth birthday of New Masses. This magazine belongs to all of you. We want you to help light the candles. Many guests are coming that you will want to meet. They will be appearing both with contributions and greetings in the special 64-page anniversary issue that will be out on the newsstands February 14. Among the writers who will contribute to this issue are:

William Blake, Marc Blitzstein, Earl Browder, Richard Wright, Mother Bloor, Sara Bard Field, Paul Robeson, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, William Carlos Williams, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, William Z. Foster, John Howard Lawson, Ruth McKenney, Leo Gallagher, Will Geer, Henry Hart, Bruce Minton, Harvey O'Connor, Meridel Le Sueur, Joseph North, Genevieve Taggard, Samuel Sillen, Max Yergan, A. B. Magil, Victor A. Yakhontoff, Joseph Starobin, D. N. Pritt, John Stuart, Anita Whitney, Isidor Schneider, Mike Quin, Alexander F. Bergman, Theodore Dreiser, and others.

The artists will include William Gropper, Louis Lozowick, Maurice Becker, Hugo Gellert, Art Young, Fred Ellis, A. Birnbaum, H. J. Glintenkamp, Harry Gottlieb, Anton Refregier, Aime, Ad Reinhardt, Georges Schreiber, William Sanderson, Sylvia Wald, James B. Turnbull, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others.

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